

**BUSH'S ENERGY DEFICIENCY • THE DEVIL AND MICHAEL MOORE**

# In These Times

INDEPENDENT NEWS & VIEWS

June 11, 2001

## Missing in Action



**Witnesses say a thousand black soldiers  
were massacred in Mississippi in 1943.**

**The Army denies it.**

**What happened to the men of the 364th?**

*Geoffrey F.X. O'Connell investigates*

**Plus: SEARCHING  
FOR JUSTICE  
IN NIGERIA**



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# In These Times

INDEPENDENT NEWS & VIEWS

"... with liberty and justice for all"

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## Publisher's Notes

**W**hen progressives argue in favor of the peace dividend, they often make the mistake of assuming that rational arguments are sufficient to convince people that with the Cold War over we no longer need a defense budget three times bigger than the combined total of our foes. Conservatives view the huge U.S. military presence as a necessity and viscerally oppose any reduction in it. What accounts for this?

Obviously the massive PR effort generated by the military-industrial complex plays its part. But that doesn't account for the Pavlovian response that grips conservatives whenever the peace dividend is mentioned.

In *Moral Politics: What Conservatives Know That Liberals Don't* (University of Chicago Press, 1996) Professor George Lakoff of the University of California, Berkeley posits that conservatives and progressives fundamentally differ because their worldviews stem from two distinct views of the family. He describes these as the "strict father" model and the "nurturant parent" model.

The strict father model exists within the framework of the traditional patriarchal family, where the father sets the rules and enforces them and the mother takes care of the children and is subservient to the father. Children live within a system of "tough love," military-style discipline. "Self-discipline, self-reliance, and respect for legitimate authority are the crucial things that children must learn," Lakoff writes.

When children mature, they internalize the father's rules and discipline—and become conservative. They see the world as a dangerous place in which survival requires military-like discipline and guns. The armed forces are charged with protecting the nation—with the president as the symbolic commander-in-chief and "father of the country"—and maintaining the capacity to use overwhelming force as a deterrent to hostile foreigners. It follows from this worldview that peace is an external state that cannot be achieved without a massive U.S. military; thus, we have no choice but to become the world's police force.

The nurturant parent model is fundamentally different. The system is not based on rules and discipline, but created around a framework of "love, empathy, and nurturance." The parents are equal partners. "The obedience of children comes out of their love and respect for their parents and their community," Lakoff writes. Maturity comes from developing a positive self-image.

Lakoff believes that progressives grow up within egalitarian families governed by the nurturant parent model. From this perspective the world is not a jungle. While a military presence is needed, that military does not have to be capable of overwhelming force. It does not need a massive nuclear arsenal or the capacity to fight two wars at once. Indeed, the United States can and should form supportive alliances with other nations.

This worldview envisions a society where people are interdependent (and not inherently competitive). Foreigners are not seen as absolutely different. They also want life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. From this perspective, peace has more to do with emotional maturity and self-confidence than it does guns and police—there can be peace without a massive U.S. military presence.

Lakoff's argument that conservatives and progressives are fundamentally differ-

## Differing worldviews of conservatives and progressives stem from two distinct views of the family.

ent suggests that facts and rational arguments will not decide the peace-dividend debate. For conservatives the military will never be strong enough. Plus conservatives are very suspicious of many of the programs that would be funded by the peace dividend, i.e., the social safety net.

To make the argument for the peace dividend, we must bridge this cultural divide. My next column will suggest some ways to accomplish this. As always, I welcome your feedback ([bburnett@inthesetimes.com](mailto:bburnett@inthesetimes.com)).

*Bob Burnett*

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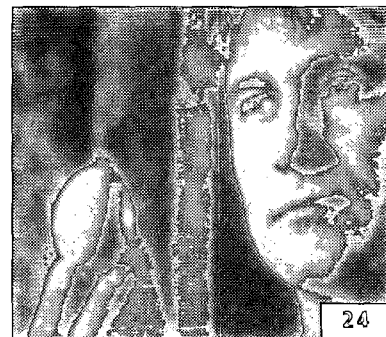
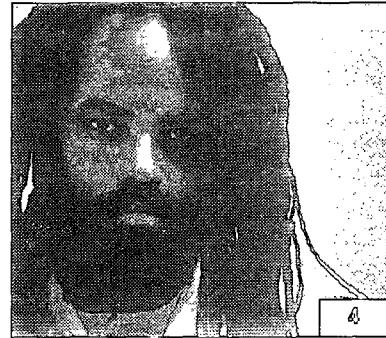
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Cover photo: Courtesy Termite Productions/History Channel

# Letters

## Time for Reparations?

I was disappointed with Bill Berkowitz's article on David Horowitz ("The Horowitz Project," April 30). The students who stole the papers that contained his ad against reparations need to study their Voltaire. With that said, what are the issues of the debate that "has begun to gain steam around the country"? Berkowitz doesn't say.

Reparations are wrong because it is simply too late. (Besides if anyone deserves reparations from the U.S. government, it's the American Indians.) How arrogant is it that the government thinks it can abuse people for generations and then simply write them a check? How about improving life in inner cities and schools or addressing the imprisonment of African-American youth?

**Donna Smith**  
Madison Heights, Virginia

The attacks on David Horowitz have been worse than anything he said in the ad. First, protesting a newspaper for choosing to run a political ad is incredible—and at Berkeley of all places.

Second, Horowitz makes the point in the ad that race is something we should leave out of the equation in our politics. Radical? Maybe. True? Absolutely. Now is the time for black, white, yellow, green and purple progressives to come back to class—not race.

We would do well to remember that breaking up into ethnic grouplets (Black Radical Congress, Hispanic Progressives, Asians for Justice, etc.) is a divisive error. We must stand together and fight the fight against corporate dominance of our culture.

**David William Dean**  
St. Louis

I'm still waiting on my 80 acres and a mule.

On January 1, 1863, President Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, freeing the slaves. On that very same day, Congress enacted the Homestead Act of 1862, which gave away 160 acres of land per person or family. Two million white Americans received more than 270 million acres of land with the only stipulation that they had to "homestead" the land for five years before it would be theirs. The settlers didn't even have to be U.S. citizens to qualify, only working on becoming one.

In 1866, Congress amended the Homestead Act for public lands in the

South. There was no distinction for race or color. Settlers were to receive no more than 80 acres. But in 1876, this second act was repealed.

The U.S. government could give away 160 acres of land free, even to non-citizens, but could not give 80 acres, as enacted, to people who provided them 200-plus years of free hard labor. Instead, my people got 100-plus more years of hate, Black Codes, Jim Crow laws, the KKK, lynchings, segregation, oppression, miscegenation, poverty and more hate. Would America be a better nation if we'd gotten our acres, as promised? Hell, right now, I'd take an acre and a chicken.

**Pamela A. Hairston**  
Washington

## A Wiser Investment

While I am an admirer of Bill McKibben's work, I would like to take issue with some of the narrow set of solutions he, along with most environmental groups, poses to the problem of climate change ("It's Now or Never," April 30). I don't want to disregard the importance of urging people to change their consumption patterns, particularly when it comes to SUVs, but this isn't enough.

The U.S. government is the No. 1 financier of climate-changing fossil fuels abroad. Our tax dollars are investing in more greenhouse gases than China, India, Mexico and Brazil emit each year. Since the Climate Convention was crafted at the Earth Summit in 1992, two of our government-backed export credit agencies, the U.S. Export-Import Bank and Overseas Private Investment Corporation, have invested \$28 billion in fossil fuel projects around the world, and about \$462 million in renewable energy projects.

The World Bank, in which the United States is the biggest shareholder at 17 percent, is also a heavy investor in fossil fuels. This bank is getting better at financing renewables: their ratio of fossil fuel to renewable energy investments is now only 16-to-1.

These institutions are investing our money in exactly the wrong sorts of investments: pipelines in Chad, oil drilling in Azerbaijan, oil fields in Angola, coal burners in China, India and Indonesia. These investments are wrong not only on environmental grounds; they also help feed repressive regimes who then turn around and oppress, torture or kill environmental activists in their own countries.

While I do not subscribe to the argument that developing countries must sign on to the protocol for the United States to sign on, I do agree that we need to be considering the problem of future greenhouse gas emissions from developing countries now. And if we want to ensure that these developing countries do not become locked in to a development path that requires fossil fuels, and repeat the same mistakes we have made here in the United States, we need to invest now in alternatives in these countries.

For further information, please visit our Web site at [www.seen.org](http://www.seen.org)

**Daphne Wysham**  
Sustainable Energy and  
Economy Network  
Washington

## Cancer Countdown

At our last family reunion, we noted that among 30 cousins, we were "missing" a leg, a breast, a larynx, female reproductive organs, a brain tumor, my father, and saddest of all, a child, due to cancer ("The Myth of Living Safely in a Toxic World," April 30). It isn't genetic, we aren't defective. Some of the victims married into the family. The youngest was 2 years old, the oldest two were in their sixties and the rest in their thirties. And that count didn't include my cousin with breast cancer or her husband with lymphoma. We don't work in or live near toxic waste dumps or chemical plants. Our risk factor is simple: We just eat food, drink water and breathe the air. Bring on the arsenic, we can take it.

**Beth Birnbaum**  
Forest Hills, New York

## Correction

Steve Weinberg's latest "Accuracy Watch" ("Convenient Inventions," May 28) reported that anthropologist Eugène Dubois had joined the Dutch East India Company to pursue his fossil research. In fact, he joined the Royal Dutch East Indian Army. We regret the error.

## Help The Baffler

On April 25, the headquarters of *The Baffler* magazine were destroyed in a fire. Our friends at this vital cultural institution need help to rebuild and recover. For those who can, please send donations to The Baffler Recovery Fund, c/o *The Baffler* Magazine, P. O. Box 378293, Chicago, IL 60637.



# Confronting Israel

By Salim Muwakkil

**P**rospects for peace seem especially bleak in Israel these days. Since taking office in March, Prime Minister Ariel Sharon has ordered the assassinations of Palestinian leaders, expanded Jewish settlements in the West Bank, demolished dozens of Palestinian homes and bombed Lebanon.

Israel's electorate opted for Sharon's tainted leadership in a reaction to the disappointing tenure of Ehud Barak, who seemingly offered Palestinians the world—through the Oslo Peace accords—only to have it thrown back into his face with a new Intifada.

This erroneous notion that Israel's gestures of peace were unrequited by the Palestinians provoked a backlash in Israel that carried Sharon into office. But it was Sharon himself who sparked the explosion in the occupied territories with a provocative visit to a Jerusalem shrine. His visit came near the anniversary of the 1982 massacre of thousands of Palestinians in the Lebanese refugee camps of Sabra and Shatilla, an outrage for which he bore "personal responsibility," according to an official Israeli inquiry.

Sharon has been performing as advertised, ratcheting up the violence of the Israeli Defense Forces in the occupied territories and rejecting calls for a freeze in Jewish settlement construction made by a U.S.-led commission. Chaired by former Sen. George Mitchell, the commission was predictably equivocal in its report, calling on both sides to stop the fighting. But it did bring focus on the issue of settlements, making Sharon's defiance of these modest demands seem even more appalling.

But could this be the silver lining in the storm clouds ominously amassing over the Middle East? "Sometimes when things get so bad and it seems they couldn't get any worse, that's when people begin to take notice and take action to make things better," explains Cindy Levitt, one of the organizers of a recent conference called "Jewish Unity for a Just Peace."

The conference, held in Chicago in early May, brought together progressive

Jewish activists urging an end to the Israeli occupation. The conference attracted nearly 200 people from across the globe, exceeding expectations and prompting a sense of optimism that the time may be ripe for a real debate about Israel among American Jews. "Now is the time for us to break the lock that a few, well-funded, narrowly focused, pro-Israel advocacy groups have maintained over Jewish public opinion on matters concerning Israel and the cause of peace," read a portion of the group's announcement.

Even as the activity of Israeli peace groups has declined in the wake of the Sharon landslide, the energy of U.S.-based groups is seemingly on the rise. "It's gratifying to see more willingness among American Jews, especially younger Jews, to criticize Israel's routine abuse of Palestinian civil rights," says Jeff Halper, professor of anthropology at Israel's Ben-Gurion University and coordinator of the Israeli Committee Against House Demolitions.

Although many of the conference organizers are longtime Jewish dissidents, the prime movers are new to politics. Levitt got involved in the struggle last fall as part of a Chicago-based group called Not In My Name, which was formed following the eruption of the new Intifada last September.

Stephen Feuerstein founded Not In My Name after watching the deployment of Israeli helicopter gunships against rock-throwing Palestinians living under occupation. "I could no longer be quiet in the face of such obvious injustice," he says. "I have decided to be as visible as possible about Israel's brutal and deadly policies."

Feuerstein notes that many Jews are opposed to Israeli policies, but so few are

**The time may be ripe for a real debate among American Jews over Israel's brutal policies.**

willing to take a public stand because they've been intimidated by powerful Jewish organizations and a misguided sense of Jewish solidarity. "I think it's very important for Jews to see other Jews express opposition to the treatment of Palestinians," he says.

Perhaps if Jews themselves begin telling the story of Israel's unjust occupation, more Americans and their elected officials will start to listen. ■

Terry LaBan



## Mumia's New Defense

Legal team releases shocking statement by a man who claims he's the real killer

By Dave Lindorff

PHILADELPHIA—At a dramatic press conference held on May 4 in front of the federal courthouse in Philadelphia, two new attorneys for journalist and long-time Pennsylvania Death Row inmate Mumia Abu-Jamal announced they were filing sworn statements in his pending habeas corpus appeal concerning the 1981 slaying of police officer Daniel Faulkner. The statements are by Abu-Jamal himself, his brother Billy Cook and also by a man who claims he is Faulkner's real killer.

At the sparsely attended session, Chicago lawyer Marlene Kamish and Los Angeles attorney Eliot Lee Grossman claimed that the new witness, an African-American man named Arnold R. Beverly, would exonerate Abu-Jamal by swearing that he and "another guy" had been hired by the mob at the request of corrupt Philadelphia police to execute Faulkner (who was said to be blowing the whistle on his colleagues). Abu-Jamal only arrived at the scene of the shooting after Faulkner was already dead, allegedly shot in the face by Beverly.

In a surprise move, the two attorneys also released an affidavit signed by Abu-Jamal in which he gave, for the first time, his own account of the incident, saying, "I did not shoot Police Officer Daniel Faulkner. I had nothing to do with the killing of Officer Faulkner. I am innocent." Abu-Jamal goes on to explain that he had been seated in his cab in a parking lot across from the scene of the shooting, and only got out of his car and crossed the street after hearing gunshots, seeing people running and then seeing his brother in the street "staggering and dizzy." Abu-Jamal says that as he was running across the street, he saw "a uniformed cop turn toward me—gun in hand—saw a flash and went

down on my knees." He reports fading in and out of consciousness at that point, making his memory hazy from the time he was shot.

A third affidavit released by the attorneys at the sidewalk news conference was a statement by Cook, who had been driving a Volkswagen stopped by Faulkner prior to the shooting incident. Cook, who until now has avoided testifying in the case after initially being arrested and charged with a felony assault on Faulkner, says in the sworn statement that after Faulkner stopped his car and hit him, he returned to his car to look for registration papers. At that point, Cook says he heard shots. Looking up through the window, he saw his brother running across the street. He claims he saw Abu-Jamal being shot at that point.

Cook also claims that his friend and business partner Kenneth Freeman had been in the car with him, and that Freeman, whom he says ran from the scene, later told him about being in on the plot to kill Faulkner. Freeman later died under suspicious circumstances while in police custody.

The new conspiracy theory presented by Abu-Jamal and his new legal team faces several hurdles. First of all, it is up to Judge William H. Yohn Jr., an appointee of former President George Bush, to decide whether or not to accept the new evidence. Yohn is currently deciding whether to accede to Abu-Jamal's habeas corpus appeal of his murder conviction and death sentence, and whether to grant him a new evidentiary hearing.

Second, if Beverly's statement is accepted by Yohn, lawyers familiar with the case say Abu-Jamal will inevitably be asked to explain why he and his former attorneys did not make use of the affidavit back in June 1999, when it was first sworn. Dan Williams, Abu-Jamal's for-

mer attorney, has explained in his new book *Executing Justice: An Inside Account of the Case of Mumia Abu-Jamal*—whose publication, Abu-Jamal says, was the reason he fired both Williams and lead attorney Leonard Weinglass in March—that the issue of whether to use the Beverly statement was the reason Partisan Defense Committee attorneys Rachel Wolkenstein and Jon Piper quit the defense team in 1999 (see "Self Defense," April 16).

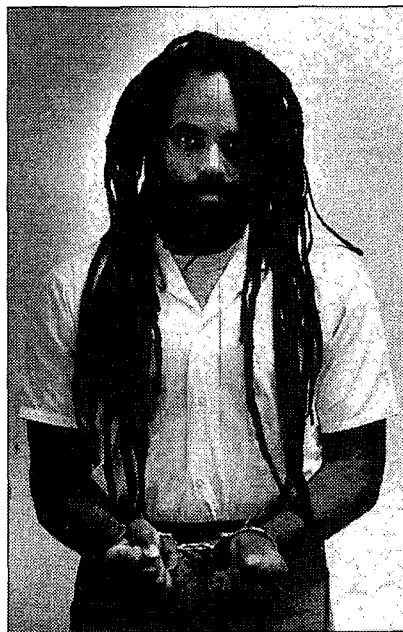
As an active participant in his own defense, Abu-Jamal was as much part of the decision not to use Beverly as were his two erstwhile attorneys, Weinglass and

Williams. Grossman tried to hint that perhaps Abu-Jamal was unaware of the Beverly evidence, saying, in response to one reporter's question, that he and Kamish had "found" the document among the case files that Weinglass and Williams turned over to them.

Abu-Jamal and his new attorneys also opened the door to some other troubling new issues when they claimed that Weinglass had told both Abu-Jamal and his brother not to take the stand during the 1995 Post-Conviction Relief

Act hearing. Since Weinglass told the court on the record that he was expecting Cook to testify at that hearing, the district attorney's office seems certain to call Weinglass to the stand to testify about his statements to both Abu-Jamal and Cook. The disclosure of purported conversations between Weinglass and Abu-Jamal has shattered any attorney-client privilege that might ordinarily have protected such communication, say lawyers familiar with the case.

The Beverly statement, as well as the two new accounts sworn by Abu-Jamal and his brother, also conflicts with the testimony of a number of key defense and prosecution witnesses about the sequence



Abu-Jamal had 30 days to hire new lawyers after dismissing his prior counsel in March.



of events. Those earlier witnesses stated that they saw a man, or Abu-Jamal, running across the street before they heard gunfire. The new statements all have the gunfire occurring before Abu-Jamal ran across Locust Street.

Cathie Abookire, a spokeswoman for Philadelphia District Attorney Lynn Abraham, whose office is fighting Abu-Jamal's attempt to win a new trial, characterized the Beverly affidavit as "so clearly ridiculous that it should be obvious to any fair-minded person that it is a complete fabrication." The district attorney's office has apparently been leaking word to the mainstream media that Beverly also offered himself as a witness to a dramatic Rodney King-style police beating of a suspected black car thief last summer, suggesting that he has a history of publicity-seeking behavior.

Yohn has yet to rule on Abu-Jamal's habeas corpus appeal, which is his last chance to win a new trial. As the judge only gave Abu-Jamal 30 days to hire new attorneys following the dismissal of his prior counsel, it appears that a decision could come soon. If he does not simply reject Abu-Jamal's appeal, the judge has the option of ordering a new evidentiary hearing, ordering a new trial, or letting the verdict stand and just ordering a new penalty phase hearing in the case. ■

## Crossing L.A.'s Racial Divide

City could elect its first Latino mayor in more than a century

By David Bacon

LOS ANGELES—Fifty years ago, Bert Corona had a dream. Latinos in California—the field workers and factory hands, the kids in school forbidden to speak Spanish—could win real political power. Transforming the excluded and marginalized into power-brokers in the state with the largest population in the country seemed a task so gargantuan that only a visionary like Corona—social radical, labor militant, Chicano activist and father of the modern Latino political movement—could consider it achievable.

Yet on June 5, Antonio Villaraigosa, one of Corona's disciples from the heady days of the '60s, may be elected mayor of Los Angeles. Villaraigosa learned politics in that era, becoming a community activist in an early left-wing immigrant rights organization founded by Corona, the Centro de Accion Social Autonoma (CASA). From those radical roots, Villaraigosa went on to get a law degree at Los Angeles' People's College of the Law, a unique project creating community lawyers from community activists. He worked as an organizer for the city's huge teachers' union, United Teachers Los Angeles. And he began running for office. Villaraigosa eventually became speaker of the State Assembly, one of California's most powerful political positions.

The June 5 election is a runoff, pitting Villaraigosa against James Hahn. Both are Democrats, itself a notable change in a city governed for eight years by Republican Richard Riordan. If Villaraigosa is elected mayor, he'll be the first Latino in that position in more than a century.

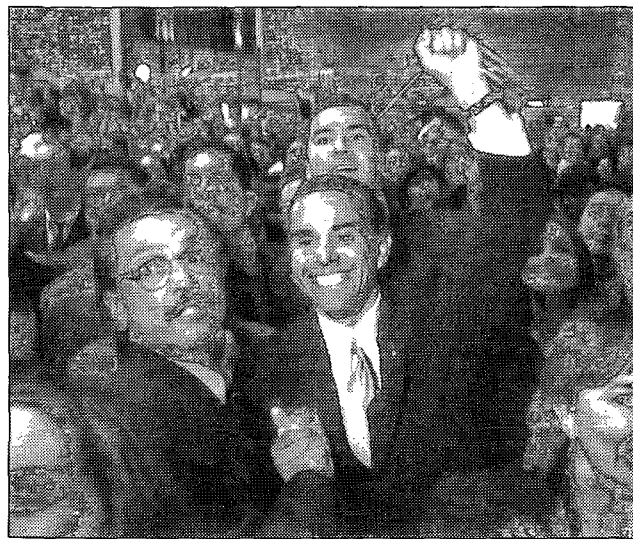
The election is partly the story of changing demographics. Los Angeles has the largest urban population of Mexicans outside of Mexico City, and racial minorities in California now make up a majority of the state's population. Most of this demographic shift is due to immigration, and the state is home to as many as half of the nation's undocumented residents.

But the changing population only provides a base. And in California, it took former Gov. Pete Wilson to transform it into a formidable voting force. In 1994, Wilson won re-election by betting his political future on Proposition 187, which sought to exclude the undocumented from schools and medical care.

It was a Pyrrhic victory. Proposition 187 passed, but in the election's wake, thousands of immigrants became citizens with the express intention of

never again being excluded from the political process. They then set out to administer a punishment to the Republican Party from which it's still reeling. Democrats today control both houses of the state legislature, and a Democrat sits in the governor's mansion. The new immigrant vote has become the decider in race after race, especially in Los Angeles.

But having a Spanish surname alone isn't enough to get elected in Los Angeles. Although minorities make up 60 percent of city residents, they account for only 39 percent of its voters—14 percent are African-American, 20 percent are Latino, and 5 percent are Asian-American. Class issues are increasingly the glue holding together a new progressive coalition, bringing together progressive whites with a new generation of leaders in minority communities. "I think the big issues are economic," says Kent Wong, director of UCLA's Labor Center. "People are



Antonio Villaraigosa (center) is a longtime progressive activist.

voting for things like a living wage, affirmative action and an economic development policy that promotes growth based on good jobs, and which pays attention to underserved communities."

The city has become a hotbed of labor activity. In the past five years, Los Angeles has seen major strikes and organizing drives by immigrant janitors and hotel workers. While immigrants have been the most visible part of that upsurge, African-American and Asian-

DAVID MCNEW/NEWSMAKERS

American union members have been very much a part of labor's rise.

The Los Angeles County Federation of Labor, which elected its first Latino secretary, Miguel Contreras, five years ago, has put these issues on the political agenda. In a series of bruising electoral fights, it has built up a core of precinct-walkers and phone-callers, and used them effectively to win upset victories for pro-labor Latinos against more conservative ones, like Hilda Solis, who beat longtime Congressman Marty Martinez last November.

The Villaraigosa campaign is the biggest test yet for the federation because it has to be won citywide, involving a larger labor turnout than ever before. "It was a very big risk for the labor movement to step out front and endorse Villaraigosa in the primary," Wong says. "But it has a lot of boldness and daring, and it has built up an incredible ground operation involving hundreds and hundreds of people each weekend."

Unlike Villaraigosa, who has been a

high-profile community activist and legislator, Hahn has been a quiet member of an old guard his father helped build. He has been an elected official for 16 years, first as controller and then as city attorney.

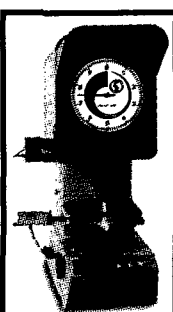
Hahn's father, Kenny, was a county supervisor for 40 years, during the era when Mayor Sam Yorty was notorious for racist scare attacks directed at white voters. Hahn was a leading white liberal who stood up for the African-American community in South Central Los Angeles. People definitely remember Kenny Hahn, but few voters can point out initiatives taken by his son.

In the local press, the Villaraigosa-Hahn battle is being portrayed as a conflict between blacks and Latinos. "But there's a whole political realignment taking place here," says Anthony Thigpenn, chairman of Agenda, a South Central community organization, and a leading activist in the Villaraigosa campaign. "It's happening in the African-American community, like everywhere else, and many of us are looking to be part of it."

Karen Bass, executive director of South Central's Community Coalition, says that Latinos and African-Americans have more issues in common than ones that divide them. "Ninety percent of the kids in the criminal justice system and in foster care are African-American and Latino," she says. "The most important factor here is that we're neighbors."

In the first election, while Hahn got a majority of black votes, Bass says Villaraigosa still won 26 percent in South Central precincts, while rolling up big majorities in heavily Latino neighborhoods. She predicts the African-American vote for Villaraigosa will go higher in the runoff as people become more familiar with him.

"Villaraigosa has a long record, not just supporting the issues important to all of Los Angeles' locked-out communities, but leading many of the efforts to put them into practice," Wong adds. "If he becomes mayor, those communities will have access to power. The ability to turn our issues into real policy will increase dramatically." ■



# Appall-o-Meter

By Dave Mulcahey

## Negativity Solutions 4.7

Although the odds of getting offed by a co-worker "gone postal" are far more remote than those of winning a lotto jackpot, a New York software company wants your boss to be on the safe side. Stroz Associates is in the final stages of developing software that will identify violence-prone employees so that they can "get help" before they reach for a gun.

The company's software will scan employees' e-mail for telltale signs of discontent. As Eric Shaw, a former CIA psychologist working for Stroz, explained to MSNBC: "For example, if the number of negatives—words like not, no, never—goes up quickly, that could be an indicator of increased hostility."

Nice to know they're thinking of you up in Human Resources.

## Adventures in Marketing 5.4

Pedestrians in major cities probably took little notice of a guerrilla marketing campaign carried out last month by IBM until city officials and upscale merchants started belly-aching about it. Cryptic messages consisting of a peace sign, a heart

and a grinning penguin were stenciled on sidewalks in San Francisco, New York, Chicago and elsewhere.

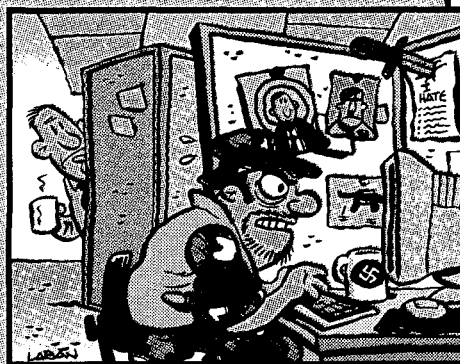
Appearing to all the world to be the work of a Phish fan with too much time on his hands, the message was in fact a logogram for "Peace, love, and Linux," an advertising slogan for a new IBM operating system. The symbols were supposed to be done in biodegradable chalk, which would wash away in the rain, but officials in several cities complained that they had to be removed by municipal crews. San Francisco and Chicago are charging IBM for the work.

According to a report by IDGNet, many pedestrians were befuddled as to what the ads were supposed to convey. Subsequent publicity has taken care of that, however. Together with its recent corporate report designed to look like the fashionable literary magazine *McSweeney's*, the campaign points to a new marketing imperative at Big Blue: Get hip with the thinking kids.

It's almost refreshing, then, to see the unvarnished workings of an R.J. Reynolds

marketing campaign dubbed "Project SCUM." According to *SF Weekly*, recently discovered documents discuss the company's campaign to appeal to two kinds of Bay Area smokers: gays in the Castro district and the down-and-out of the Tenderloin.

The campaign, conducted during the '90s, was uncovered by researcher Anne Landman among documents released in a liability case. SCUM is an acronym for "subculture urban marketing," though in the final document Landman found "SCUM" was crossed out and replaced with "sourdough."



TERRY LABAN



## John the Terrible

### Bush picks buddy of Bill Bennett for new drug czar

By Steven Wishnia

After delaying his choice for drug czar for three months, George W. Bush has picked a far-right retread from his father's administration. Bush's choice, John P. Walters, was a top deputy to former drug czar William Bennett. He supports expanding the military role in combating drugs—including shooting down planes in Peru—and increased penalties for marijuana, and opposes needle exchange and reducing the 100-to-1 disparity between federal sentences for crack and cocaine possession. "Bush I had Bennett Senior. Bush II has Bennett Junior," says Kevin Zeese of Common Sense for Drug Policy. "He's hardline on all fronts."

Eric Sterling of the Criminal Justice Policy Foundation says Walters would be the most qualified person ever to direct the federal government's drug policy, as he knows the issues and Capitol Hill. The problem: "His views are *awful*."

Like Bennett, Walters' basic worldview is that drug use—except for alcohol—is morally wrong, and that the crack world's teen-age "superpredators" and \$5-vial prostitutes are the progeny of the '60s counterculture. In Bennett and Walters' 1997 book *Body Count*, also co-written with John DiIulio (now head of the White House Office of Community and Faith-based Initiatives), they dismiss the argument that marijuana should be legal because few users go on to have problems with it or other drugs with the non sequitur that two-thirds of heroin users are addicts. "He's like a religious zealot," Zeese says, "fighting the war regardless of the facts."

Walters' appointment makes it unlikely that Bush's drug policy will focus on treating drug addicts, instead of emphasizing incarceration and interdiction. In a 1996 paper for the Heritage Foundation, Walters denounced that approach as "the latest manifestation of the liberals' commitment to a 'therapeutic state' in which government serves as the agent of personal rehabilitation."

However, Walters does advocate government funding of religion-based treatment programs. Meanwhile, Bush's budget for fiscal 2002 would increase funding for interdiction, and proposes \$833 million for building new federal prisons. Barry McCaffrey, Clinton's drug czar, told NBC's *Meet the Press* on April 22 that Walters is "focused too much on interdiction" and "needs to educate himself very carefully on prevention and treatment."

In a March article in the conservative *Weekly Standard*, Walters wrote that "the widely held view that we are imprisoning too many people for merely possessing illegal drugs, drug and other criminal sentences are too long and harsh, and the criminal justice system is unjustly punishing black men" is among "the great urban myths of our time." Walters argued that, according to 1997 figures, only 9 percent of state prisoners were incarcerated on possession charges.

"His data is dishonest," responds Sterling, who notes that the 9 percent figure does not include local jails—and is still a "shockingly high" number of people imprisoned for simple possession. Walters also did not mention that more than 60 percent of the people sent to prison for drugs are black.

Another favorite Walters mantra is that drugs were "de facto legalized" in the permissive '70s. Then the Reagan-Bush policies of tough enforcement and "Just Say No" use of the "bully pulpit" reduced casual drug use by more than half—until the Clinton administration "abandoned the War Against Drugs" and "de facto legalized" marijuana again.

Widespread defiance of prohibition laws does not mean drugs were quasi-legal. Marijuana arrests averaged about 400,000 a year in the '70s, hitting a peak in 1977 that was not surpassed until 1994, and have since risen to more than 700,000 a year. Walters' claims that casual use fell in the Reagan-Bush years are based on figures from annual household and student surveys, which measure people's willingness to tell a

government-funded pollster what drugs they do and how often. And if Reagan's policies reduced America's drug problem, there is one glaring exception—crack, which exploded in American cities in 1985 and 1986.

Yet a pattern of falling casual use and rising addiction may suit Walters just fine. In the first Bush regime, the

Bennett-Walters line was that casual users were worse than addicts because they showed that people could use drugs *without* screwing up their lives. "Casual use is the vector by which drug use spreads," they wrote in *Body Count*, "and while not every casual user goes on to become an addict, virtually every addict starts as a casual user."

"Walters hates addiction and he hates drug addicts, and he hates people who use drugs and aren't addicts even more," Sterling says. "He's prepared to go to war in the name of zero tolerance." ■



John P. Walters

NEW CITIZENSHIP PROJECT

## Unclear and Present Danger

### United States and Canada investigate Indymedia Center

By Silja J.A. Talvi

SEATTLE—While tens of thousands of protesters faced tear gas and plastic bullets in the streets of Quebec on April 21, nary a squirt of pepper spray was disturbing the operations of the Independent Media Center in Seattle. Volunteers gathered information for the IMC's Web site all afternoon about the FTAA protests and civil disobedience at the U.S.-Canadian border in Blaine, Washington, uploading photographs and first-hand accounts of activists who often double as unpaid "reporters" for the international grassroots network. But around 7 p.m., the IMC received three unex-

pected visitors—two FBI agents and an agent of the U.S. Secret Service—who delivered a sealed court order.

While the IMC was charged with no crime, the document cited "an ongoing criminal investigation into acts which would constitute violations of Sections 322 (theft) and 430 (mischief) of the Criminal Code of Canada." The order further requested that the organization supply the FBI with all "user connection logs" on April 20 and 21 from a Web server that authorities say belongs to the IMC. (A user connection log is the Internet address of a computer requesting access to a Web site.)

An accompanying gag order prohibited the organization from talking about the event or even the very existence of the court order itself. After a legal fight, the order was amended on April 27, allowing the IMC to begin telling its side of the story.

According to the IMC, the acts that sparked the investigation and the resulting court order were one or two messages posted to an IMC newswire in the early morning of April 21. Allegedly, these posts contained information obtained from stolen Canadian government and police documents, including classified information on the travel itinerary of George W. Bush and police strategies for derailing the efforts of FTAA protesters. According to David Burman, the IMC's legal counsel, the court order requires the IMC to turn over user connection logs from an IP address that does not exist. (An IP address is a string of numbers assigned to every device that interacts directly with the Internet.) "The U.S. Attorney's office indicated to us that they made a typographical error in the order," Burman says, "and intend to correct it."

The IMC legal team is now trying to convince the U.S. Attorney's office to "narrow" the scope of the far-reaching court order. "If this had been a server

belonging to the *New York Times*," Burman says, "I suspect they would have hesitated before taking the course they did."

Nancy Chang, senior litigation attorney at the Center for Constitutional Rights in New York, says the IMC's user logs would "provide a virtual who's who of people associated with the IMC and its political views."

The Seattle IMC was able to find two postings that appeared on the Montreal IMC which partially matched the description given by the federal agents. Those postings, according to the IMC, detail police strategies for "hindering protesters' mass action." None of the materials posted to IMC sites across the world contain information about Bush's travel plans, says the group.

While the United States and Canada do collaborate in criminal investiga-



Did the IMC post secret plans about police tactics in Quebec?

tions, Burman says, assisting Canadian authorities does not come close to "justifying an infringement on the rights of the press or the free speech of Internet users. This could be an important case for clarifying both the application of the First Amendment to the Internet."

Chang says the investigation raises serious questions about whether the United States and Canada intend to keep tabs on "anti-globalization activists and discourage participation in the movement." ■

## Sit-in Win

Students and workers gain ground in Harvard living wage campaign

By Anthony Arrove

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—"Welcome to Hypocrisy University!" reads a banner hanging over Tent City, an encampment of 76 tents sprawled across Harvard's main campus, where students protested for 21 days to demand a living wage for more than 1,000 university workers.

On April 18, members and supporters of Harvard's Progressive Student Labor Movement stormed Massachusetts Hall, which houses the office of the university's president and several other top administrators. More than 30 students occupied the building, defying the entreaties of university officials. The sit-in ended on May 8 with a pledge by Harvard to further study the living wage, and set up a committee with union, student and faculty participation. The university also offered to reopen negotiations with campus unions and to impose a moratorium on outsourcing until December.

Harvard is the largest employer and landowner in Cambridge, with an endowment now valued at more than \$19 billion—more than the gross domestic product of Jordan. Yet university officials say that Harvard cannot afford to pay workers a "living wage," which campaigners say should be at least \$10.25 an hour plus benefits. "Harvard paid one manager of its endowment as much as \$16 million last year," says junior Benjamin L. McKean, who participated in the sit-in. "A living wage for all of Harvard's employees would cost less than half of that. Can that one guy get by on half of that?"

Indeed, the university has engaged in classic attacks on workers' wages and benefits, increasingly outsourcing and using temporary workers, while also pushing for concessionary contracts from the unions representing Harvard workers. Many take on additional jobs

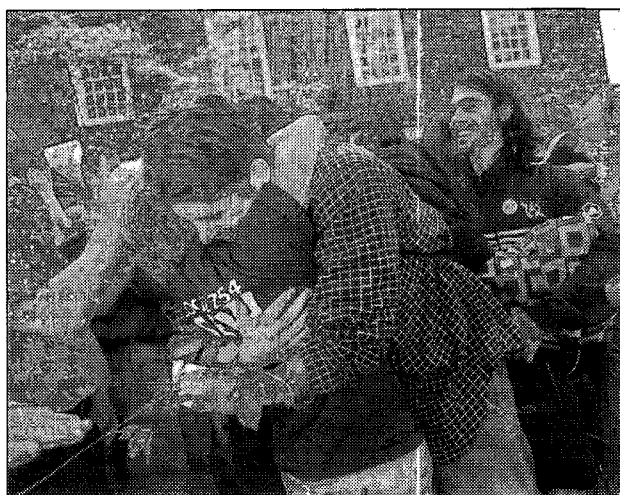


to make ends meet, commute long hours to work, and find themselves having to choose between paying the rent, feeding their children or paying the doctor's bills.

"I'm glad someone is exposing Harvard for what they really are," says one member of Harvard's Security, Parking, and Museum Guard Union, who was afraid to give his name for fear of reprisal from his supervisors. "A lot

of people here are getting the raw end of the deal. They're working evenings, weekends, holidays. That's very tough." Members of his union haven't received a raise in seven years, while subcontracting has severely cut membership.

McKean and other members of the Progressive Student Labor Movement have spent the past three years working for a living wage at Harvard. By early 2001, activists had exhausted every available channel in the university's



Harvard students leave the sit-in at Massachusetts Hall.

bureaucracy. "We tried very hard to initiate dialogue with the university on these issues," McKean says, but "they were closing the door. It was clear that we needed to escalate our efforts."

McKean believes that the sit-in took the administration by surprise. "I don't think they thought we'd last the weekend," he says. "They didn't realize the strength that this movement has. The campaign will continue. It's not the victory, but it's a big one." ■

## Forgive, Not Forget

Broad coalition of Serbian intellectuals forms Truth and Reconciliation Commission

By Jasmina Kelemen

BELGRADE—Black-and-white posters showing refugees fleeing through streets pockmarked with bullet holes and littered with debris are posted throughout the city. On the side of the placards, a smug-looking Slobodan Milosevic puffs on a cigar over a caption asking, "Who is guilty?"

For Tamara Milosevic, a 25-year-old law student who stood outside of the former president's home to witness his arrest on April 1, the answer was clear: "Milosevic ruined this country and killed so many people in his stupid wars. He deserves the worst that can happen."

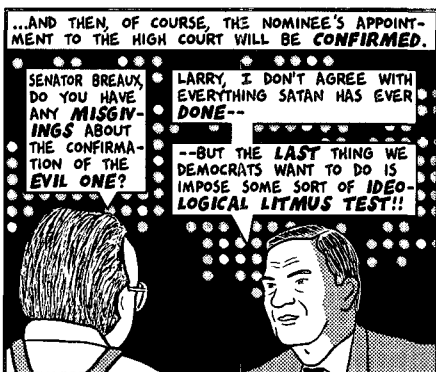
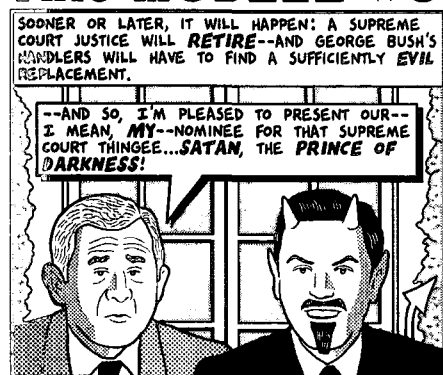
Other Serbs believe guilt extends beyond the shoulders of Milosevic to the citizens who cheered—or silently watched—as nationalism unraveled the Yugoslav federation. "I feel guilty because we didn't oppose the regime with enough numbers," says Vesna Petrovic, executive director of the Belgrade Center for Human Rights.

Happy to have shirked their pariah status, Serbs still harbor bitter memories of economic sanctions and NATO's bombardment, and are weary of cooperating with the foreign institutions they perceive as championing the destruction of their country just two years ago. Now, with Milosevic jailed on charges of abuse of power and corruption, and facing a war crimes indictment in The Hague, a broad spectrum of Serbian writers, historians, theologians and lawyers are forming a Truth Commission to delve into the causes and apportion blame for the horrors that occurred during his decade-long rule.

Many of the politicians and activists who led the struggle against Milosevic are determined to confront Serbs with evidence of the crimes against humanity that were committed during Milosevic's rule. They are demanding a

## THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW



complete account of the thousands who disappeared or died during the wars in Croatia, Bosnia and Kosovo. "We all have blood on our hands, in a way," says Aleksandra Beric, a longtime anti-war activist. Beric is organizing a conference that will bring representatives from other countries with truth commissions to Belgrade from May 18 to 20. "For our sake," Beric says, "if we're going to heal as a nation, we have to face what happened."

Commission member Svetlana Velmar Jankovic, a writer, says the panel hopes to build contacts with similar commissions in Bosnia and Croatia. "Maybe this is how we will gain a deeper knowledge about what happened," she says.

There already has been some back-room grumbling about the commission's inclusion of some Serbian intellectuals who took part in the nationalist rhetoric. However, members say the commission must represent a microcosm of the "moral dilemmas" facing Serbian society if it is to be a real symbol of unity. "How can we expect to contribute to reconciliation among people whose family members were killed by neighbors if we decide not to sit at the table with people with different politics?" asks Vojin Dimitrijevic, an international lawyer appointed to the commission by President Vojislav Kostunica.

The commission is still in its formative

stages and does not yet have a clear mandate to compel people to testify. Some fear the commission is being hastily and clumsily mounted to alleviate the West's increasingly impatient calls for Milosevic's extradition. Such pressure is "vulgar and counterproductive," says Dimitrijevic, who was expelled three years ago from his position as dean of Belgrade University's law school because of his opposition to Milosevic.

Dimitrijevic recently dropped out of the commission, saying Kostunica had not answered his questions concerning the panel's administration and authority. "As a lawyer, it irritates me that a government pretends to respect the rule of law and then demands we extradite an ex-president without formal rules," he adds. "If people believe the commission is because of foreign pressure then we're nowhere. We have to change what people know about the war."

Most Serbs experienced the wars through the filter of state media, which only broadcasted atrocities committed by the other sides. Serbian paramilitaries were portrayed as heroes. To counter the years of propaganda, members say truth commission hearings—along with Milosevic's eventual court testimony—need to be broadcast to tear down the wall of denial buffering many Serbs from their collective past. "We need to force our

people to face the facts like Germany did after World War II," says Silvija Panovic Djuric, a legal analyst with the Fund for Humanitarian Law.

While Panovic and other independent legal observers welcome the commission as a necessary step, they say it cannot be used to substitute for war crimes trials. "There is no amnesty for war criminals," Panovic says.

A poll at the time of Milosevic's arrest revealed nearly 56 percent of the population was resigned to his eventual extradition to The Hague. The same poll showed 75 percent believed Serbia should orient its policies toward the European community rather than Russia. This is a remarkable shift in opinion since the bombing campaign, and reflects both a weariness of constantly being an international outcast and the end of the anti-Western campaign since the new government took office, says Srbobran Brankovic, director of the firm that conducted the poll. However, Serbian nationalism still exists. A heavy-handed approach by the West could negatively tilt the numbers. Brankovic warns, "It's an iron law that pressure from abroad radicalizes the population."

Pro-democracy activists say the memory of NATO's three-month bombing campaign has been the most polarizing factor against their work. "You cannot say the bombing was legally based," Petrovic says. "We were fighting for European values, building up an educational base, and in one second all our work was destroyed."

Many Serbs ask when a Western leader will face charges for the civilian deaths during the Kosovo war. "These are legitimate questions," says Sasa Mirkovic, director of the formerly dissident radio station B-92.

The bombardment led many Serbs to believe a "balance of suffering" was achieved in the region, says Seska Stanojlovic, a board member of the Helsinki Committee for Human Rights in Serbia. "They want to say, 'It was war. All sides committed crimes.'"

Yugoslavia's failure to confront past atrocities has nurtured Serbia's "syndrome of victimization," Stanojlovic says. "This myth that Serbs are always the victims is a national disaster. They need to know, 'yes, they've been victims.' But they've also been the executioners." ■

## Northwestern Joins the No-Sweat Club

"We Won!!!" screams the newsletter from Northwestern Students Against Sweatshops (NSAS), whose campaign—including a 43-page research report in January and six-day campout in the middle of the university library's plaza in Evanston, Illinois—culminated on April 30 with the administration becoming the latest to join the Worker's Rights Consortium (WRC), a sweatshop-monitoring group that focuses on university apparel.

While Northwestern has been a member of the Fair Labor Association (FLA), NSAS argues that corporate influence in the FLA—seven of its 14 board positions are held by apparel companies—renders it ineffective in the fight against low wages and unsafe working conditions. Also, says Neel Ahuja, co-founder of NSAS, "We feel that the FLA may be counterproductive because it is a certification system. It

puts a label on clothing that is certified by the FLA. The problem is that the FLA won't be checking all of the plants that make the clothes, so garments with the FLA seal may be made in sweatshops that the FLA didn't even inspect."

Northwestern will remain a part of the FLA, which has a membership of 155 colleges and universities to the WRC's 81, many of whom belong to both organizations. Mischa Gaus, who participated in the campout, knows the fight isn't over. "I am pleased the administration finally decided to listen to the overwhelming clamor from students, faculty and the community calling on Northwestern to join the Worker Rights Consortium," he says. "It's a positive step for campus democracy, but only a tender baby step. I hope it sets a precedent, that students' voices once again matter in decisions that affect our university."

**Emily Brooks**





CHRIS HONDROS

# DAYS OF ATONEMENT

## SEARCHING FOR JUSTICE IN NIGERIA

BY GREG CAMPBELL

PORT HARCOURT, NIGERIA

**I**t would be easy, from afar, to believe that Nigeria, Africa's most populous nation, is moving admirably away from its violent and troubled past and is, in fact, quite ready to take up the role of West African superpower that G-7 nations desperately want it to be.

The democratically elected administration has withstood two years without a coup. Nigeria's notorious military is learning—with the help of U.S. Special Forces—the often ambiguous skills of modern peacekeeping in preparation for yet another intervention in Sierra Leone. And perhaps most important, in an acknowledgment of the country's troubled past that's rare for an African country, the new administration has impaneled a Human Rights Violations Investigation Commission in an effort to atone for the sins of a long succession of tin-pot dictators.

But that's the superficial view of present-day Nigeria. Sadly, the new Nigeria greatly resembles the old. Nigerians are learning that functional democracies aren't necessarily the natural and immediate result of elections. Coup or no coup, the administration of President Olusegun Obasanjo—who was a military dictator himself in the late '70s—continues the dictatorial tradition of keeping a tight grip on revenue earned from oil, and cracks down like a bullwhip on restless villagers seeking their share of the wealth pumped daily from the country's southern Niger Delta region.

And the Human Rights Violations Investigation Commission, roughly modeled on South Africa's cathartic Truth and Reconciliation Commission, is, in the eyes of

many Nigerians, hardly providing an opportunity for healing and release. Instead, its investigation into allegations of past atrocities committed by various and sundry military and police officials is widely regarded as an insulting waste of time that is serving more to marginalize the complaints than to reconcile them.

This could be the most damaging failure of modern Nigeria. Instead of a cleansing of the national soul, many of the country's citizens believe the commission's goal is a whitewashing of Nigeria's past for the sake of its emergence as the latest West African democratic success story.

**A**ccording to most opinions, Chief Justice Chukwudifu Oputa, chairman of the Human Rights Violations Investigation Commission—commonly called the Oputa Panel—is a qualified jurist with impeccable credentials. But even those aren't good enough to overcome the commission's inherent flaws. "If you want to draw a comparison, the difference I saw with the South African example is that the participants actually came out and confessed," says Williams Wodi of the University of Port Harcourt. "In the Nigerian example, what we saw was like a circus. Nobody ever came out and said 'I did this.' That is the contrast and the failure for me. No one pleaded for reconciliation for their sins."

No one necessarily had to, he adds.

The commission is charged with the overwhelming responsibility of investigating allegations of mysterious disappearances, extrajudicial executions, torture, assassinations

and other abuses from January 1966 through June 1998 with little or no funds: Seven months after his inauguration, Obasanjo's administration still hadn't passed a budget, initially paralyzing the commission. More than 10,000 cases from Ogoniland alone—a small region of high-profile tension and violence in the oil-rich Niger Delta—were submitted to the commission. The sheer volume of cases required consolidation of some and seemingly arbitrary rejection of others, which resulted in an early blow to the commission's credibility.

In addition, the commission has no authority to compel witnesses or defendants to testify and cannot offer immunity or amnesty in exchange for truthful testimony. Thus many Nigerians assume that military leaders who voluntarily take the stand are lying to avoid implicating themselves. "It is a waste of time and a waste of resources," says George Nafor, a resident of the small Ogoni village of Ebubu. "Maybe if reconciliation happens, it would be worth it, or if people confess and become better from confessing. But nobody confesses. They all deny."

Wodi himself testified before the Oputa panel as a witness to the machete death of Senate minority leader Obi Wali, who was outspoken in his criticism of the government. Wodi named names and provided enough evidence that Oputa ordered the head of the police in Abuja to reopen the investigation into the murder. But the accused ignored orders to appear before the panel and by March, three months after Oputa ordered the new investigation, nothing had been done. "It was an experience of anger," Wodi says. "I named people who killed this man. His murder was very unjustified and needed to be talked about, so on that level, yes, I suppose it was beneficial to have it out in the air. But on an institutional level where it matters most, it did not achieve anything because the panel is not empowered to summon people and put them through all the rigors of a society governed by laws."

One of the revealing facets of the hearings, however, was that they provided a glimpse into how the government has been self-succeeding, even under the guise of "democracy." Former Army Chief of Staff Major Gen. Ishaya Bamaïyi testified that, shortly after the 1998 death of Gen. Sani Abacha, the most recent of Nigeria's most ruthless leaders, he was called into the office of Abacha's successor, Gen. Abdulsalam Abubakar, to discuss who should be the country's next leader. "When Gen. Abubakar invited me to his office," he says, "he told me of his government's resolve to consider an ex-military officer to be the civilian president."

The man chosen to run with the general's backing was Obasanjo, who ruled Nigeria from 1976 to 1979, and who was imprisoned for three years under Abacha's rule for allegedly plotting a coup. With the military leaders' support, Obasanjo easily won the election in February 1999. Although it was tainted by reports of widespread vote-rigging, and criticized by Jimmy Carter, the election was quickly

endorsed by European and Western leaders. An emerging democracy in battle-torn, disease-ridden West Africa—particularly one that happens to be the world's 12th-largest source of crude oil—is something to be embraced, no matter how flawed it may be.

It's significant to note that many of the more important figures from Nigeria's darker days have been given a wide berth by the Oputa Panel, most notably Ibrahim Babangida, a former military ruler and mastermind behind several of the country's bloodiest coups, including the one that brought Abacha to power. "Big flies somehow pass through this net," Wodi observes, "99.9 percent of those in government are all products of Abacha and Babangida. Those people are backing the government to shed their skins. They impressed the West so much, but there's not one of them who can stand up and claim to be a democrat."

In spite of the commission's shortcomings, many see a silver lining to the public hearings. "It is good that these things are brought out," says Ebubu Chief Isaac Osaro Agbara. "Whether the government is going to do anything to alleviate the trauma that has passed through we still must see. However, even the most tragic government is better than the military."

Through the public airing of grievances, Wodi says, Nigerians have become more aware of their suffering at the hands of those in power and they aren't likely to allow it to happen again. "Nigeria today is not the Nigeria of yesterday," he says. "People are becoming more enlightened. The military police are not a match for an angry people."

**"CAN THEY PAY FOR  
ALL THESE PEOPLE  
THEY'VE KILLED IN  
OGONILAND OR ALL  
THE HOUSES THEY  
BURNED OR ALL THE  
CROPS THEY LOOTED?  
GOD WILL DECIDE."**

Nowhere is such anger more evident than in Ogoniland, a humid 400-square-mile tropical region in the heart of the Niger Delta's oil fields. For decades, the Delta has vividly illustrated the corruption of the military juntas that have defined the country's character for most of the past 30 years. While six international oil companies extract a combined 2 million barrels of crude oil per day from the Delta—and provide royalties to the government that amount to 80 percent of federal revenue—the approximately 7 million people in the oil regions live in such poverty that the term "abject" seems quaint.

Electricity, potable water, medical facilities and competent educational programs are rare amenities in most Delta villages. Pleas for equitable wealth distribution have been routinely ignored, leading to violence in the form of kidnapped oil workers, sabotaged pipelines and interethnic warfare as communities fight over coveted oil jobs with all the passion of hungry dogs over table scraps. Whenever the unrest threatens oil production, the military has been summoned, often with scorched-earth consequences. Delta residents not only have remained poor, but under the ever-tightening screws of authoritarian rulers whose personal wealth often has been derived from the oil royalties. Abacha alone is suspected of having siphoned off as much as \$2.2 billion from the Nigerian Treasury.



and threatening the war effort. The claim of 1,000 dead sounds incredible. But the volatile mix of armed black militants dropped into a hostile racist environment make it seem more believable. And the looming Nazi threat could have made a cover-up—even among people of goodwill, even among the news media, even among blacks themselves—an act of patriotism, however agonizing. For this story finally to be put to rest, contradictions in the Army's report must be reconciled; thousands of pages of intelligence reports from the era must be accounted for; and more than the handful of soldiers tracked thus far must be found.

What's at stake here goes beyond whether one incident reached unthinkable proportions. A generation of white men—the so-called “greatest generation”—would benefit from unprecedented postwar prosperity. Black soldiers, on the other hand, were systematically denied access to the benefits of serving their country. Hundreds of murders and beatings were the most brutal manifestations of this, but unwarranted dishonorable discharges, court martials and widespread discrimination deepened the racial divide. These men, and their descendants, deserve to know the full story.

In 1985, a former McComb, Mississippi banker named Carroll Case first heard the tale of wholesale killing of blacks at Camp Van Dorn from William Martzall, a former MP from the 63rd Division, who claimed to be one of the shooters. Case pursued the story on his own for five years. He talked to area residents who worked at the base and claimed to have witnessed the shoot-out or seen evidence of its aftermath, like bloody laundry. University of Southern Mississippi History Professor Neil McMillen gave Case documents from the National Archives concerning the incident, including desperate letters from members of the 364th after the Walker killing and an intriguing Army Inspector General's report that referred to “drastic and untried” actions the Army should take to flush “troublemakers” from the unit.

In 1990, Case passed copies of his files to Ron Ridenhour—an award-winning investigative reporter perhaps best known as the soldier whose letters to Congress prompted investigation into the My Lai Massacre during the Vietnam War. Ridenhour interviewed dozens of white and black soldiers and base civilians about the alleged incident. Through the Freedom of Information Act, he obtained tens of thousands of government documents. Ridenhour was nine years into his research on alleged killings at Camp Van Dorn when he died of a heart attack in May 1998. At the time of his death, he had compiled an intriguing but purely

circumstantial case pointing to the deaths and disappearances of at least some members of the 364th.

Following Ridenhour's death, Case penned his own book on the subject, a mix of fact and fiction called *The Slaughter: An American Atrocity*. Case alleges that white soldiers gunned down more than 1,200 black soldiers in and around their barracks in the fall of 1943 and then buried their bodies in a mass grave on the base. Case's book includes interviews with Martzall as well as two white civilians, Luther Williams and his brother-in-law W.M. Ewell, both of whom claim to have seen evidence of a massacre, including hundreds of bodies.

The shocking allegations in Case's controversial and oft-maligned book caught the attention of NAACP leaders, who, along with Democratic Mississippi Rep. Bennie Thompson, pressured the Army to investigate. Its report, released on December 23, 1999, concluded: “All available material clearly supports the conclusion no incident such as that described in *The Slaughter* could have taken place.”

William Leftwich III, deputy defense secretary for equal opportunity, spoke to the press more forcefully. “With what we have done, the DOD and the Army ... have put a stake in the heart of this vicious, maniacal ... rumor.” But the report, prepared by the Army Center of Military History, is riddled with factual errors and historical gaps, suffers from internal contradictions, and conflicts with other Army records. The controversy is far from settled.

The latest development is the airing of Greg DeHart's documentary *The Mystery of the 364th*, scheduled to premiere on The History Channel on May 20. “Originally we came into this thinking it was a story about the persistence of urban myths,” says DeHart, whose other films include less controversial reminiscences of World War II. “But the cumulative effect of the circumstantial evidence and oral histories from people in Centreville, together with the Army's personal attacks against me, have to make you wonder. There are still a lot of questions that the Army has not responded to.”

DeHart has called for an independent investigation to re-open an inquiry into the fate of the 364th. It is a call that I second. As Ridenhour's editor at several alternative newsweeklies around the

country, most notably the *Phoenix New Times*, I was well familiar with his painstaking research methods in stories exposing secret CIA training bases in the '70s and the infamous Garden Plot/Cable Splicer plans for suspending civil liberties and instituting martial law in California during those tumultuous times. With the permission of the Ridenhour family, and the assistance of New Orleans attorney Mary Howell, I have thoroughly reviewed Ridenhour's materials, including his unfinished book manuscript and have continued to pursue the story where he left off.



ABOVE: Members of the 364th's band.

LEFT: The only known photograph of the 364th (Negro) Infantry Regiment.

The military in World War II was not "Colin Powell's Army," as some call today's integrated armed forces. The mystery of the 364th—and the racial crisis of which it is emblematic—needs to be examined in light of the prejudices of the time. In the '40s, the military was completely segregated, thoroughly "Jim Crow." The Marines did not accept blacks at all. The Navy accepted them only for menial jobs. The Army reluctantly bowed to pressure and inducted some blacks into segregated units led by white officers. Most black regiments were service units. Those few designated for combat were typically under-trained and under-supplied. They were sent to dreadful stations where they were isolated and subject to insult and attack from hostile, white civilians.

The War Department justified its racist conduct with Army War College studies like the so-called "Bly Report," issued in 1925 in response to racial problems during World War I. Among the reports' pseudo-scientific claptrap on the smaller "cranial cavities" of blacks is this sweeping assertion: "The Negro does not perform his share of civil duties in time of peace. ... He has no leaders in industrial or commercial life. He takes no part in government. Compared to the white man he is admittedly of inferior mentality. He is inherently weak in character."

With this as a blueprint, it is no surprise the military establishment resisted black participation despite the threat of World War II. There were riots in some cities when blacks were turned away from induction centers. Though historians argue over Franklin Roosevelt's political motives, the president appears to have been as adamant about a 10 percent quota for blacks in the Army as he was about his threat to withhold defense contracts from companies discriminating against blacks.

White workers in shipyards from Mobile, Alabama to Chester, Pennsylvania rioted against the president's directives. In 1943 in Detroit, at about the same time the first race riots were reported at Camp Van Dorn, white workers enraged by black participation in the burgeoning war industry rioted for three days. The final toll: 25 blacks and nine whites killed, hundreds injured, millions of dollars in damage.

Much of what we are learning about this racial violence is coming from declassified documents from an extensive wartime domestic intelligence operation. And much of what we don't know about the period is the result of government press censorship—the proportions of which are not understood even today. What's clear is that things were bad all over. There were hundreds of bloody domestic firefights involving black soldiers—sometimes under attack by MPs, sometimes by white civilians—from Fort Dix, New Jersey to Camp Benning, Georgia to Beaumont, Texas.

A November 1942 memo to Secretary of War Henry Stimson from his aide Truman Gibson detailed "violent and abusive treatment of Negro military personnel by civilian public authorities in the South." It listed incidents in Alexandria, Louisiana; Columbia, South Carolina; Norfolk, Virginia; Mobile and

Montgomery, Alabama; Beaumont, Texas; and Little Rock, Arkansas. Gibson concluded: "This continuing wave of violence may lead to rioting at any time and certainly it is raising havoc with the spirit of Negro soldiers, many of whom have reached the stage that they would rather fight their domestic enemies than the foreign foe."

Indeed, some African-American servicemen were active in a grassroots civil rights movement called "Victory at Home, Victory Abroad." The "Double V" movement had no leaders, but some of its adherents were passionate. According to Army intelligence files, at least 26 "troublemakers" in the 364th Regiment were "members of the Double V," and some had the insignia burned or carved on their chests.

The 364th Regiment had its origins in the 367th (Negro) Infantry Regiment, which was activated as a black combat unit in March 1941 at Camp Claiborne, in central Louisiana just outside Alexandria. In December of that year, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. But beneath the veneer of a country united in its hatred of the enemy, racial turmoil simmered.

Just a month after Pearl Harbor, violence flared in Alexandria. In a pattern that would repeat itself hundreds of times in the years to follow, a black soldier in town with a pass was accused of accosting a white woman. He was set upon by police. His buddies fought back. Military police responded. People were wounded and killed, and property was destroyed. Even the Army report at the time characterized the situation in Alexandria as a police riot. But one local newspaper reporter then, and investigators now, say that the Army understated the severity of the so-called "Lee Street Riot" and undercounted losses. This minimization, some charge, is another oft-repeated pattern.

At any rate, the 367th was broken up in March 1942. The official records of what happened are sketchy, contradictory and confusing. But most researchers agree that the regiment's First Battalion—about 1,000 enlisted men—received orders for overseas deployment. The remaining two battalions were redesignated as the 364th (Negro) Infantry Regiment. The 364th took in a batch of new recruits, mostly from Northern cities like Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, and was ordered to Arizona in June 1942.

By fall, the full regiment was bivouacked at Papago Park in Phoenix. Letters from soldiers there and official Army investigations deplored the plight of the 364th soldiers, both on base and in the hostile surrounding community. An anonymous letter addressed to Sen. Joseph Guffey (D-Pennsylvania) described the situation: "If there is no change here, all of us from Pennsylvania have decided to go AWOL rather than be murdered in uniforms of the United States Army. Your delay, sir, can be the cause of a disgraceful consequence."

On November 13, fighting broke out between black soldiers in the outdoor stockade and white commanding officers. But that was nothing compared to what happened two weeks later on Thanksgiving night in downtown Phoenix. The trouble began with a clash between members of the 364th and black

*"There have been 20  
or 25 Negroes hurt and  
kild. They have been 5  
or 10 shot right  
through the head ...  
and we are going to  
give them hell when  
they come around us,"  
a soldier wrote.*



MPs assisted by local, white Phoenix police. The soldiers of the 364th returned to camp, armed themselves and went back to Phoenix. The firefight lasted all night in the predominantly black section of that desert town. Two soldiers and one civilian were killed, according to official reports. Court martials followed. But as with the "Lee Street Riot" in Alexandria, the details and body count of the "Phoenix Massacre" continue to be disputed. A reporter for the *Arizona Republic* who covered the riot told Ridenhour that his access to the scene had been restricted and he always believed the casualties were much higher than the official reports that 14 people were shot. The Arizona congressional delegation urged the government to send the 364th packing. The Army agreed.

Studies at the war's onset had warned that domestic racial problems posed a threat to troop mobilization and arms production that could lead to sabotage. Agents for the Japanese were already promising Southern blacks—their "brothers in color"—freedom from white oppression. Each report of racial violence that leaked out made its way via German and Japanese broadcasts to American soldiers overseas. A mid-war intelligence-led opinion survey suggested that 10 percent of the black population thought they would be better off under Japanese rule.

Another study, "The Negro Problem in the Army," circulated by Maj. Gen. George Strong in June 1942, was adamant that "as little movement as possible be made of Negro troops into areas where racial relations are different from their home environment."

Such advice was not heeded when the rebellious 364th was sent to the nation's epicenter of racial hate and violence. The 1999 Army report acknowledges a state of strained race relations as the 364th began arriving by train in Centreville on May 26, 1943:

"To a majority it was a trip into a virtually unknown and foreign land where a man of color often had to fear for his life."

These fears, according to declassified files uncovered by Ridenhour, were not unfounded. "Before the 364th came in, there were several unsolved murders of Negro soldiers," reported Cpl. Wilbur T. Jackson of the 512th Quartermaster Regiment, another segregated black unit. "Their bodies were found in the field. All the white farmers and civilians are armed at all times and seem to want a pitched battle with Negro soldiers."

In a memo forwarded to the War Department, Jackson continued: "[Negro] Men have been constantly molested and beaten by white MPs." Jackson said he was willing to testify anywhere, anytime about what he had seen, concluding his memo: "I'd rather die for something I really did than to be shot down because some officer doesn't like the way I walk, or the look on my face."

Violent racial clashes began at Camp Van Dorn and in nearby towns within 24 hours of the arrival of the 364th. Though there is much dispute over the details, the record reflects some consensus truths:

- Soldiers of the 364th claimed they were going to "clean up" the base and surrounding towns, challenging Jim Crow laws at every turn.
- White civilians were heavily armed, braced for a violent clash.
- The Army high command in Washington warned base and regimental commanders that they were to end racial violence or lose their jobs.
- On May 30, while scuffling with white MPs near the entrance to the base, Pvt. William Walker was killed by the local sheriff.
- Members of Walker's company, joined by others, broke into base storerooms, stole rifles and headed for Centreville, vowing revenge.

The largest newspaper in the region, the *McComb Daily Enterprise*, reported on June 3, 1943: "Many wild rumors floated about ... rumors of men being killed by the scores and of

women being molested. All efforts to run these rumors down did nothing more than to emphasize the chaotic way the public has of reacting to emotional disturbances."

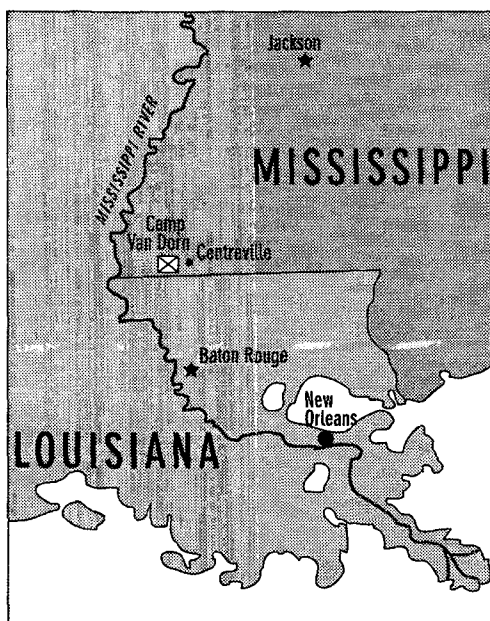
There was chaos to be sure. The 364th's "Morning Reports," a kind of company-by-company daily attendance sheet, note dozens of soldiers as AWOL following the Walker shooting and its aftermath. Files in the National Archives trace some who made their way north, seeking asylum at their local induction boards from what they called a life-threatening situation. A white officer in Walker's company interviewed by DeHart estimates 60 of his men—about half—were among those AWOL.

Some white soldiers on the sprawling base heard stories about the violence that they related in letters

home. These letters were among the domestic counterintelligence files unearthed by Ridenhour. In a letter dated June 6, 1943, and intercepted by military intelligence, Pvt. Harold F. Jones of the 394th Regiment wrote to a friend about racial violence that broke out with the arrival of the 364th: "They started tearing down their barracks and PXs. Finally they worked over some MPs and killed two white officers. That night they captured five officers and held them in their barracks as hostages. Two battalions of the 5th Infantry were sent in. ... Our officers told us they carted 30 dead niggers to the morgue ... but I don't know if that's true."

Another member of the 394th wrote on June 5: "A nigger regiment kinda took things in there [sic] hands and overran a few places. Result. They settled there [sic] hash with gunfire. A few of the niggers were killed. They killed a few white officers though. ... The Fifth Inf. was sent in to take over the riot and the niggers held them off by holding a bunch of officers as hostages."

A soldier in the 163rd wrote home in June: "There have been 20 or 25 Negroes [sic] hurt and kild [sic]. They [sic] have been 5 or ten shot right through the head ... and we are going to give them hell when they come around us."



A June 1 letter written by a member of the 364th stated: "We are catching hell here. Two of our men have been kill [sic] and we have only been in this camp for six days. Something worse is going to happen soon."

**T**he patchwork of official records following the first days of violence at Camp Van Dorn does little to sort fact from fiction. Among the problems:

- Military personnel records crucial to the incident, along with millions of others, were destroyed in a fire at a federal repository in St. Louis in 1973.
- Intelligence files Ridenhour sought from the National Archives did not arrive for six years. When he finally received them, they were incomplete.
- The 364th's Regimental Journal shows no entries from May 20, 1943, just before the 364th arrived in Mississippi, until November 4, 1943—almost the entire period in question.
- The journal pages, starting in 1942, are signed by a Sgt. Malcolm LaPlace, who told Ridenhour—and whose service record confirms—that he wasn't in the Army in 1942.
- After the Army's initial research in 1999 proved "inconclusive," it received a waiver of privacy concerns and based some of its conclusions on records that are not available to the public through the Freedom of Information Act.

In short, the official records are a mess, neither proving nor disproving much of anything.

Media accounts are not of much help either. At the time, the black press—and white media—readily submitted to increased censorship. There are records of editors calling the War Department for clearance to run stories deemed "inflammatory." There are drafts of newspaper stories stamped "No Objection To Publication." Access to bases and information was restricted.

According to current Army spokesmen, the black press had full access to the camps, black soldiers and accounts of racial violence. But on July 19, 1943—just two days after a round of secret court martials tied to the Walker shooting and its aftermath ended at Camp Van Dorn—Secretary of War Henry Stimson wrote to Attorney General Francis Biddle, saying he would no longer stand for black press reports on racial violence in the military. "It is strongly urged that your department take appropriate action to eliminate this serious threat to the war effort," he wrote.

What that action entailed has yet to be unearthed from the National Archives. But a study of the one of the nation's most influential black newspapers of the time, the *Pittsburgh Courier*, shows that all mention of its own militant "Double V" campaign ends within 60 days after Stimson's letter to Biddle. When a reporter for the *Courier* inquired about the court martials at Camp Van Dorn, base commander Col.

Robert E. Guthrie responded in a letter dated September 2, 1944: "Your telegraphic request for information concerning the court martialing of certain soldiers at this camp was referred to the headquarters. ... It prefers to withhold information for the present."

But two reports prepared after the Walker-related incidents by the Army Inspector General's Office hint at the military's response. The so-called Burney Report concludes: "The best solution is to confine the organization to the limits of its regimental area and deprive it of all privileges until such time as it will disclose its real troublemakers." While the Peterson report concludes: "In light of the recent riotous conduct of the 364th Infantry, vigorous and prompt corrective action was necessary in order to place this regiment in such a disciplinary state that it would not again resort to mutinous conduct and to protect the lives of the citizens of Centreville and other innocent persons."

Ridenhour interviewed black vets who remember being under this house-arrest and white soldiers who patrolled the cordoned-off area in jeeps and half-tracks mounted with .50-caliber machine guns. More letters intercepted by military intelligence and other Ridenhour interviews make reference to sporadic gunfire exchanges across the cordon line.

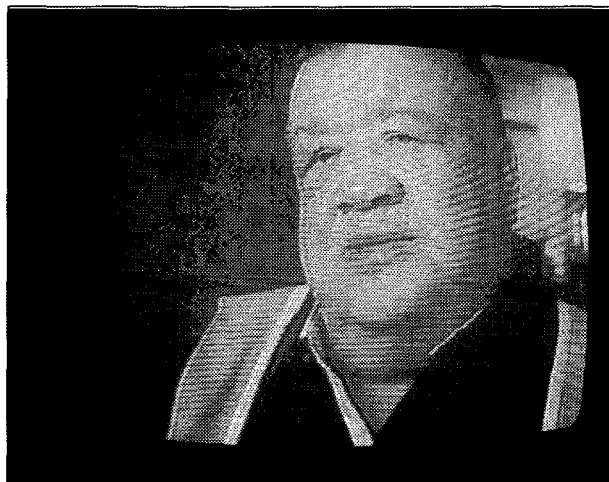
The 1999 Army report does not mention armed patrols or house arrest. It refers to a disturbance in which members of the 364th disrupt a July 3, 1943 dance in the black section of camp. The disturbance was broken up by a battalion of the all-white 99th Division. "No one was hurt," reads the report. The rest of the summer is covered in a single sentence: "Training in the regiment continued through the summer of 1943 without incident."

In September 1943, Col. Lathe Row of the Army Inspector General's Office studied the situation and concluded: "The presence of the 364th Infantry constitutes a threat to the normal peaceful conditions

at Camp Van Dorn ... [and] should be transferred at an early date ... for overseas duty."

Attached to the 1999 Army report is an appendix that indicates hundreds of soldiers (almost one-fourth of the regiment's authorized strength in the period) were transferred out of the troubled 364th Regiment to other segregated units. According to most 364th regimental documents, those troops not transferred left Camp Van Dorn by train December 26, 1943. After waiting a month or so at Fort Lawton, near Seattle, they embarked on three ships for the Aleutian Islands of Alaska. They served out most of the war spread out over 1,500 miles of desolate islands, sometimes eight to a Quonset hut.

**T**his is where things start to get especially confusing—and interesting. In the months before his death, Ridenhour was comparing Army payroll records and general orders he had obtained via the Freedom of Information Act to hand-written



The Regimental Journal of the 364th contains Sgt. Malcolm LaPlace's signature on dates when he wasn't in the service.



notations in the Regimental Journal showing “losses” to the 364th while stationed in the Aleutians in 1944. Some of his preliminary calculations showed a drop-off of nearly 1,000 enlisted men—with no accompanying explanation of what happened to them.

The main alphabetical roster of the 364th reconstructed by the Army in 1999 from personnel files not lost in the 1973 fire lists for each soldier the date he was “separated from service,” a catch-all phrase covering all deletions from the payroll—through discharge, court martial or death. When these entries are re-sorted chronologically, a pattern emerges that appears to be at odds with the Army contention that there was little loss of personnel and that most soldiers served throughout the war. On average, about one soldier’s name per day—from June 1943 through the end of the war—is dropped not just from the 364th’s roster, but from the Army payroll as well.

In 1999, the Army claimed it had accounted for all but 20 of the nearly 4,000 black enlisted men who served in the 364th during some period of time from April through December 1943. However, in a memo to filmmaker Greg DeHart in response to some of these apparent discrepancies, the Army was less than certain, explaining that faulty record keeping in the ’40s, miscommunication about transfer orders and poorly copied records can account for the apparent conflicts.

Even in 1943, the Third Army—which had responsibility for Camp Van Dorn—complained that the personnel reporting of the 364th appeared to reflect conflicting numbers. As Army spokeswoman Martha Rudd told DeHart in a memo: “You should understand that more than one part of the Army is involved in scheduling that affects units. The scheduling of training, unit movements and other unit activities in that era was not a centralized and always fully synchronized process.”

Regardless of the state of the documents the Army relied on, all that is accounted for are records of these men, not the men themselves. When the Army sought to interview by phone living members of the 364th, they turned up only 116 by the time the report was issued—and contacted only half of them. Of course, death by natural causes in a group this old would explain much. But when DeHart hired a private investigator to run computer traces on some members of the 364th named in 1943 intelligence files—37 out of about 200 “troublemakers”—the investigator reported a common response: “No records found for your subject.”

Some living soldiers were traceable. But when contacted by DeHart, some denied that they were ever in the 364th. A few initially agreed to be interviewed about violence at Camp Van Dorn, but then declined. The Army report published summaries of interviews with a dozen members of the 364th, who generally support the no-massacre position, though it is unclear when they were with the unit. DeHart interviewed one white officer of the 364th who says racial tension was high, but there was no big shoot-out. Two black enlisted men say they have no knowledge of such a conflagration, but one thinks he may have participated inadvertently in altering key documents, and the other was the victim of a secret court martial.

The Army report raised more questions than it answered. Internal contradictions drew attention to possible errors in the government investigators’ source material. For example, in the report’s appendix that claims to be a complete accounting of the enlisted men in the 364th, Pvt. William Walker is listed as “separated from service”—off the payroll—on May 15, 1943. But

Walker was shot and killed in uniform near the Camp Van Dorn gates two weeks later on May 30.

Dozens of these kinds of discrepancies have emerged. Still, the report’s failure to achieve the 100 percent accuracy initially claimed should not be taken as an indication that the allegations are true, only that the mystery continues. There are thousands of government documents in the National Archives—and some private collections—that may yet shed light on what happened at Camp Van Dorn. But many records, like those of the Office of Defense Transportation and the Merchant Marine, have been destroyed.

Witnesses may be even harder to come by. Men still alive who served in World War II are now in their seventies and eighties. Increasingly, family members of both black and white soldiers are exploring the pasts of men who rarely, if ever, shared their military experiences. Those whose fathers had ties either with black combat regiments or those white units allegedly involved in violent incidents—like the 63rd and 99th divisions—are using their status as next-of-kin to obtain otherwise private military personnel files. But most Americans do not know what unit their relatives served in. And in the case of the 364th, transfers in and out of the regiment and redesignations (starting the war as the 367th, ending it as the 80th and 81st) has made tracing soldiers next to impossible.

**C**ertainly, the idea of a single massacre of dozens, let alone more than a thousand, soldiers in one unit at one base on one day, and a subsequent cover-up lasting almost 60 years, strains credulity. However, aspects of history can be hidden for generations. Historians and journalists have come to accept that legends sometimes can be keys to society’s worst traumas. The white riot that leveled Tulsa’s black community in 1921—and left as many as 300 dead—was a whispered myth until this year when a state commission acknowledged the overwhelming evidence and recommended reparations for victims’ families.

The level of racial violence in the military, the intensity of racial hatred and the willingness of elements of the Army to discriminate against blacks trying to serve their country is a disgrace that is gradually coming to light. Perhaps further research will show the worst violence at Camp Van Dorn and other bases occurred at the hands of civilians, not Army personnel. One army study, “The Treatment of The Negro Trainee,” which was written months after the 1943 summer of violence and recently declassified, concludes: “There are a few cases where it appeared that the army officers deserted the men and left them to the mercy of civilian attackers.”

Or perhaps the “troublemakers” were disappeared into a maze of secret court martials, open-ended “disciplinary” internments and dishonorable discharges. Col. J.M. Roamer, director of Military Intelligence, wrote in an October 9, 1944 memo: “It is known that there are large numbers of Negro soldiers who are now awaiting discharge in camps where trouble has occurred. ... The discharge ... should be accelerated.”

Much work remains to be done.

*Geoffrey R.X. O’Connell’s work is supported by a grant from The Fund for Investigative Journalism. Ron Ridenhour’s investigation was supported by a grant from the Alicia Patterson Foundation. New Orleans attorney Mary Howell has assisted O’Connell in furthering his investigation. O’Connell can be reached at gfoconnell@aol.com.*

# The Elaine Showalter Show

By Edit M. Penchina

**A**t the start of Elaine Showalter's career, by her account, she had her head "at least in some of the right places at the right time." Her first book, *A Literature of Their Own*, argued for a separate female canon, finding a

## Inventing Herself: Claiming a Feminist Intellectual Heritage

By Elaine Showalter  
Scribner  
384 pages, \$27.50

niche that was to grow into an academic field. She was poring over literary texts by women before there was such a thing as feminist literary criticism, let alone a discipline called "women's studies." She was a pioneer, a trailblazer.

So why has Showalter, who began by working in the stacks, throwing life vests to unknown women writers in an attempt to recover their names for posterity, now turned her pen toward names like Oprah Winfrey and Princess Diana?

That turn parallels a career move out of the library and into the limelight. Now Avalon Foundation Professor in the Humanities and Professor of English at Princeton University, coming off a stint as president of the Modern Language Association, Showalter is content and living comfortably, commuting between her New Jersey home and her London flat. (Anglophile that she is, she even married a guy named English.) She frequently reviews and writes for the *Guardian*, the *Observer* and the *Times Literary Supplement*. She has played TV critic for *People* and written and presented for BBC radio and television. She writes about what she wants to write about, says what she thinks, consequences be damned—an attitude some would expect of a woman who has been called "Camille Paglia with balls," but one which has led others to want her head on a platter.

**W**hen Showalter "came out of the closet" about her "passion for fashion" in the pages of *Vogue* a few years ago ("For years, I have been trying to make the life of the mind coexist with the day at the mall"), she recounts: "I was attacked by academic radicals as the Marie Antoinette of the MLA whose answer to the sweated and unemployed must be 'Let them wear Prada.'" Her defense: "Despite my notoriety as the Prada Queen, my only Prada had been a counterfeit handbag (with triangular logo) bought from a street vendor outside Bloomingdale's for \$30." Touché.

Struggling to keep their belts off their bones, unemployed Ph.D.s and angst-ridden graduate students tensed when, in her first "President's Column" for the MLA newsletter, Showalter suggested

in skills of use not only to future professors but to other varieties of working stiff.

Hers was a pragmatism in the face of the academic job market that many, particularly those in the MLA's Graduate Student Caucus, were not ready to hear. "Ms. Showalter is a professor at a prestigious university who would rather be a journalist now," outgoing Caucus president Laura Sullivan told the *New York Times* in 1999. "Well, we haven't gotten there yet."

"Elaine is making more money at *Vogue* than at Princeton," Professor Cary Nelson quipped. "When she brings a Hollywood scriptwriter to dangle in front of graduate students at the MLA, they have every right not to feel this is manna from heaven. Offering them an alternative career is a slap in the face."



**O**utside the academy, responses to Showalter's *Hystories*, a project she undertook under the aegis of literary critic and historian of medicine, rendered her first book tour a saga worthy of a made-for-TV movie. As a result of venomous responses to the book's overarching thesis, which labeled various syndrome sufferers, alien abductees and purported victims of satanic ritual abuse "hysterical," Showalter had to be escorted by armed guard from store to store, studio to studio. She became the first guest on the *Mary Matalin Show* to provoke hate mail before her appearance. (Off the air, the two compared nail polish.) She was called "Nazi" and "maggot." "You evil, destructive woman," said a therapist

with whom she had just appeared on a talk show, "just wait."

Still, despite the threats, and the premonition of her friend Joyce Carol Oates that Showalter would be "assassinated," she survived—and had the publicity to show for it, with magazines from *Lingua Franca* to *Mirabella* running lengthy profiles.



What did it mean that a feminist was writing about her love of fashion? Why should graduate students ponder careers in new media or screenwriting? What was Elaine Showalter doing on *Rolonda*? Had she sold out? Considering Showalter's argument in *Hystories* that "infectious epidemics of hysteria spread by the stories circulated through self-help books, articles in newspapers and magazines, TV talk shows and series, films, the Internet, and even literary criticism," one might think her promotional use of those same media odd.

**Her answer to the job crisis plaguing the humanities was that literature students should "learn to write well enough to get paid for it."**

That oddity, though, may speak to Showalter's most astute comment on the changing face of feminism in the information age. "We can use the media to fight rumors as well as to spread them, through op-ed pieces, magazine stories, TV documentaries, and books," she theorized in *Hystories*. "TV talk shows and self-help literature are easy targets for scornful intellectuals, but they reach and teach a wide audience, largely female, that cannot always afford or manage other forms of counseling."

So Showalter applauds Oprah Winfrey for her book club, her magazine and her new woman-oriented cable venture Oxygen. So Showalter wrote for *People*. So she consumes the stuff of *Entertainment Weekly*, *Vogue*, *Tatler* and *In Style*. If the magazines on Showalter's coffee table are more akin to those at the hairdresser's than what you'd expect from a tenured member of Princeton's faculty, it may well reflect an ultimately mass-oriented and "small-d" democratic impulse.

Or not. Showalter's life as a feminist activist ended three decades ago. Her politics are liberal, of the bourgeois individualist stripe. Feminist theorist Toril Moi made this same observation

about Showalter's academic texts some years ago. It still holds, and has wormed its way into Showalter's mainstream work. Seduced (metaphorically) by Bill Clinton, Showalter once met the former president at a taping of his weekly national radio broadcast. (Her daughter, Vinca, was a speechwriter in his administration.) Recalling the event in a recent piece for the *Observer* headlined "The Clinton Years: How Was He for You?" Showalter describes Bill as a veritable Vishnu: "In our photograph, he seems to have one arm around me, another arm around my husband, and a third around our daughter." She adds, "I am beaming."

Showalter finds Mrs. Clinton no less attractive. In a report for the *Guardian* on Hillary's interview in the premiere issue of Tina Brown's *Talk*, Showalter treated the opportunistic wife as an amiable model for feminist practice:

I like Rodham Clinton's gutsy refusal to shed tears, falter in public or show weakness. I like her feisty and tolerant admission that Bill was always "a hard dog to keep on the porch." I support her decision not to abandon a long-term marriage. ... This is the voice of a woman ... able to balance the personal and the political. ... The feminism of the '70s said women should walk away from cheating guys and never look back. Well, Hillary is doing something far more radical; she's going to forgive.

This paragraph works its way into Showalter's latest book, *Inventing Herself*, with an interesting revision of the last line. "The feminism of the nineties may look pious," Showalter writes, "but I think it's really pragmatic." As if the radical and the pragmatic are interchangeable, Showalter supports any woman who has risen to position on the public stage. She applauded Natasha Walter's *The New Feminism* for, in turn, praising Margaret Thatcher as "the great unsung heroine of British feminism." Showalter's prose blazed: "It is about time that a young British feminist stood up for Thatcher, and Walter's defiant comments about women embracing power and realizing 'how many good things can be built with dirty hands, covered with the grit of determination and the oil of money' should be written on the skies

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above Oxbridge and London." Thatcher's career as British prime minister was a fine first for women, sure, but is old-boy power in pearls the kind of power feminists ought to embrace?

A woman is a woman is a woman, Showalter seems to say, as if we're all sisters in the same suprapolitical sorority. On Barbara Bush, our new "First Mum," Showalter writes: "In a new century where the standard for female perfection is constantly rising, and women now publicly excoriate themselves for wearing a size in the double digits, her cheerful acknowledgement of her figure flaws and jokes that she was born weighing 135 pounds seem doubly endearing." Is this a backhanded compliment or not? More importantly, what's with Showalter's celebrity focus?

To write about already celebrated figures is, of course, to guarantee interest from an already established audience. The editors of *People* know this. So do the Brits who turn to Showalter as that "mediagenic American feminist" who can give them the inside angle on the other side of the Atlantic. Then there's the possibility that Showalter feels the time has come for her to enter the celebrity ranks herself.

Marketed as a provocative undertaking "certain to spark controversy" and that lays claim to a "feminist intellectual heritage," *Inventing Herself* breezes from Mary Wollstonecraft to Diana, Princess of Wales. Mary McCarthy makes an appearance, as does Hannah Arendt (who would have hated appearing in a women-only volume). Simone de Beauvoir enters

in her turban. Then, folded between Susan Sontag, Germaine Greer and Camille Paglia (the one without balls?), appear first-person tales of Showalter's past, making statements on how we judge the life of a "feminist icon" that seem to double as statements on how we ought to judge the life of Elaine Showalter.

What kind of feminist icon is she? Perhaps we might turn to Showalter's own words: "the heroine, at best, of a screwball tragedy"—a tragedy in which a pioneering spokeswoman for the great unknown winds up striking a Faustian bargain for a byline. ■

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# There's Something About Harry

By A.S. Hamrah

**B**y now you may have heard that the new French thriller *With a Friend Like Harry* is like Hitchcock or Chabrol; that's true. The name of its title character, Harry Balestero, evokes Hitchcock's *The Trouble with Harry* and *The Wrong Man*, where Henry Fonda played a character

**With a Friend Like Harry**  
Directed by Dominik Moll

named Manny Balestrero; Dominik Moll, who directed, gives us a shot of Harry spying on the film's protagonist that more effortlessly recreates Hitchcock's shot of Anthony Perkins spying on Janet Leigh in *Psycho* than the one in the *Psycho* remake did. Harry is also free of the kind of editing gimmicks, pointless camera moves and head-smacking plot contrivances that work so hard to animate other contemporary thrillers like *Memento*, which was baked in the deepest dish its filmmakers could find.

Moll saw no need to do that. The Hitchcock references are there just so you know he's not trying to hide anything. He realized it had to be that way, that his villain would demand comparison with Hitchcock's in *Strangers on a*

*Train*; *With a Friend Like Harry* is also about two men who meet by chance while traveling. But who travels on trains anymore? This meeting takes place on the highway. And these guys aren't strangers. They went to high school together, only one doesn't remember the other, and the other remembers his classmate all too well. In Hollywood, it's the kind of plot that devolves into *The Cable Guy*.

**A failed writer's old  
classmate amiably but  
eerily resurfaces, and  
drags a contradiction  
of bourgeois life out  
into the open.**

Like *The Vanishing*, another film it recalls, *With a Friend Like Harry* starts in a car. Before the credits, Moll introduces us to Michel (Laurent Lucas), his wife Claire (Mathilde Seigner) and their three daughters. They're on vacation, trapped in a stifling station wagon, making their way through the

summer heat to their farmhouse in the sticks. Bored and cranky, the three girls work hard to define "mewling," not neglecting to spend time working on their kicking while they're at it. Like a lot of car trips *en famille*, the whole thing is destined to be remembered for being a drag. Moll presents this fuss and bother with a minimum of either—there's no wide-angle lens on hand to make the family look grotesque. He hits the notes as softly as composer David Whitaker hits them in his lovely sonatina on the soundtrack, just enough to get across what every couple with kids already knows (but prefers to forget at the movies), that family life is no day in the country. This sureness of approach characterizes the entire film.

The family pulls into a rest stop for a diaper change after a beautifully designed credits sequence—a restful break from the crying infants and a signal that Michel maybe needs a little distance from his family. While Michel washes up, he notices to his left a man with a weird smile staring at him and holding his hands out to dry. This is Harry (Sergi López), who after a protracted silence introduces (or reintroduces) himself to Michel. *You don't remember me? One time you accidentally*





It's been lovely, but Sergi López has to eat a raw egg now.

broke my teeth in gym class. Your father the dentist built me a new bridge. Later in the movie, after Michel's parents have both quite suddenly died, Michel will experience a toothache of his own. By then it should be clear to the viewers that the two former classmates share more than a history of mouth pain.

It's not that Harry wants to extract revenge. On the contrary, Harry wants to help Michel. It's apparent from his new Mercedes, his curvy girlfriend named Plum (Sophie Guillemin) and his air of carefree, moneyed ease that Harry's the kind of guy who has solved all life's problems. The Michel he finds in the men's room isn't the one he remembers from high school. That Michel was sophisticated, full of potential, a writer. It's a version of himself that Michel has forgotten. He spends his time out in the country filling in a well; with every load of dirt he dumps in, he buries the adolescent Michel deeper. Harry advises him to rent a machine for his manual labor and get back to the real work of writing. When they last met, Michel was working on something called *The Flying Monkeys*. "It was more than just sci-fi," Harry explains to Claire at dinner. Later it asserts itself in a dream, complete with gibbon and propeller.

Harry's reappearance in Michel's life drags a contradiction of bourgeois life out into the open: the desire to be an artist, living life on your own terms, vs. the desire to live a life of material ease. Michel wants to restore his farmhouse authentically, but he has to put up with the fuchsia bathroom his parents redid—after all, they helped him pay for the house. After letting Harry know the SUV he buys for them is "vulgar," both Michel and Claire start to like it and eventually come to depend on it. Harry's every action implies Michel can have it both ways, but this irreconcilable contradiction only leads to murder.

The discomfort produced by this contradiction is what makes Moll's film work. Can anything good come of it? Even if the murders in *With a Friend Like Harry* are metaphors for the things Michel has to leave behind in order to write, they're still murders. If Harry and Michel can ultimately be seen as two aspects of the same personality, their individual guilt can never be assessed. After all, Harry Balestero's last name comes from the name of Hitchcock's quintessential innocent man, a man clearly blameless in the crime he's accused of, but around whose deteriorating marriage another kind of guilt lingers.

Harry, as played by Sergi López, is such an excellent creation that the film glides

very smoothly on his dissociated ingratiating. His menace is robust; his raw-egg-eating, for all its grossness, inspires Michel to start a new story. Once he's on the right track, Michel's like Shakespeare, he never blots a line. Harry has removed his block; can Michel dispatch Harry the same way once his usefulness goes too far?

In Leos Carax's *Pola X*, a less subtle or examined film about an authenticity-seeking writer, Laurent Lucas played the villain, not the writer. Here, as Michel, he brings some of the self-satisfied pissiness from that movie to the hero's role. It's a tribute to Moll's intelligence that he created ideal roles for these actors, parts that uncomfortably combine niceness with vanity and ruthlessness with a desire to get along.

The same thing is true of the other actors. Mathilde Seigner is changeable; annoyed and angular in one scene, peaceful and angelic in the next. (She's Emmanuelle Seigner's sister, and therefore Roman Polanski's sister-in-law; maybe that's good preparation for playing in films of unease.) Sophie Guillemin's Plum works subtly to keep Harry and everyone else happy; sensibly, all she wanted was to visit the Matterhorn. Moll doesn't insist they play types, and if it's obvious that by the film's end somebody has to go down in that well, you're never quite sure who it will be, or why.

This makes Moll's view of his characters hard to untwine, but it also makes for a thriller that's rich and complex. *With a Friend Like Harry* aims for the clear-eyed indictment of bourgeois savagery we've come to expect from a Chabrol, but it tempers it with metaphors that make the characters enigmatic. When the film began, Michel had forgotten his past. As it ends he carries a secret that will be very hard to forget. But that he might is what disturbs you after you've left the theater. Moll implies that violence was necessary so Michel could become a person instead of a sap. The reason it was necessary is rather chilling, and that's what separates Moll's film so memorably from other thrillers. ■

A.S. Hamrah writes for *Hermenaut and Suck.com*. He can be reached at [hamrah@hermenaut.com](mailto:hamrah@hermenaut.com)

# The Stars Have Sound

By Evan Endicott

**W**ith a title borrowed from punk iconoclast Iggy Pop, one might expect Mogwai's *Rock Action* to be a bombastic four-chord assault; a lean, mean, rock 'n' roll

## Rock Action

Mogwai

Chemikal Underground/Matador

machine mined from the marrow of the legendary Stooges leader. But even a cursory listen reveals quite the opposite, an album of syrup-slow, mysterious beauty that unfolds like uncharted topography and revels in endless layers of orchestral texture.

Wave hello to Mogwai, the only post-rock band with a sense of humor. Or maybe they're not kidding. "Call us an art-rock punk band," leader Stuart Braithwaite once told *Vanity Fair*, adding that punk "has never been about tradition." So defined, punk music may sound like anything so long as it adheres to a singular goal: reanimating the corpse of corporate rock by any means necessary.

In 1995, when four teenagers from the Glasgow suburbs formed Mogwai, the commercial corpse in question was Britpop, and the band's chosen method of resuscitation was simple shock therapy. Employing a brutal dual guitar assault reinforced with white noise, Mogwai shoved a sonic stake through the heart of Oasis' jangly Beatle-chords and reintroduced the U.K. to controlled chaos, much as their heroes My Bloody Valentine had done at the beginning of the decade.

After a series of singles, in 1997 the band recorded their first full-length effort for the independent label Chemikal Underground (owned by fellow Glaswegian art rockers, the Delgados). *Young Team*, the result of

fractious sessions marked by intense internecine feuding, was an amazing debut album, a modern masterpiece of tension-and-release that reinvigorated rock's venerable quiet-LOUD dynamic for the first time since 1991's *Nevermind*. Unlike Nirvana, however, which was driven by Kurt Cobain's ragged vocal melodies, Mogwai sculpted wrenching emotion out of purely instrumental structures.

*Young Team*'s "Yes I am a Long Way from Home" asked, via a vocal sample, whether it was possible for music "to

and Martin Bulloch on drums), Mogwai linked up with esteemed indie producer David Fridmann to record 1999's double-album *Come On Die Young*. Numerous forces conspired to widen Mogwai's musical vision. Holed up in a remote location in upstate New York with nothing but Mad Dog 20/20 to comfort their livers, they worked relentlessly on the album to avoid going stir crazy. Burns' one-man-band abilities expanded Mogwai's tonal palette, adding trombone, flute and glockenspiel to the group's previously guitar-dominated soundscapes. Fridmann introduced string accompaniment and digital manipulation, and invited the band to experiment with computer-based recording.

The result was a dense, difficult work that eschewed the emotionally satisfying peaks and valleys of the first LP; *Come On Die Young* was the black hole to *Young Team*'s supernova. Unlike previous efforts, the band seemed satisfied to let songs ebb and flow naturally, without the jolts of distorted violence. But the album's enigmatic nature left many fans confused, and critics insisted that the group had worn out its formula and its welcome.

**R**ock Action, Mogwai's third proper album (not including a collection of early singles, two EPs

and a double-disc set of remixes), comes at a pivotal point. As they struggle to remain relevant, two major obstacles stand in Mogwai's way. The first is the inherent limitation of their sound: Because they avoid typical pop forms and vocals, their complex instrumentals risk sounding like New Age muzak for the post-shoegazer set. The second obstacle is a changing musical climate. When they first burst onto the scene, grunge wannabes ruled the world, and Mogwai's interstellar scope was a revelation. But the past five years have heard an art-rock renaissance led by Oxford's Radiohead, whose mind-blowing transformation on 1997's OK



Have Mogwai finally stepped into the sunlight?

put a human being in a trance-like state," before answering its own question with a hypnotic bass riff, droning accordion wheezes and interlocking guitars. But before U.K. club kids could get comfortable amidst the dizzying swirl of chiming 6-strings, the song exploded into a fuzz-drenched hurricane, ripping into unsuspecting eardrums with savage abandon. As a reverent whisper at the beginning of *Young Team* notes: "If the stars had sound, they would sound like this."

After a lineup change that added multi-instrumentalist Barry Burns to the fold (Braithwaite and John Cummings on guitar, Dominic Archkinson on bass,



Computer and 2000's *Kid A* could be compared to the Beatles' evolution between *Rubber Soul* and *Sgt. Pepper's*. Radiohead signaled that rock wasn't dead after all, and heralded the arrival of

**Mogwai's syrup-slow beauty unfolds like uncharted topography, reveling in endless layers of orchestral texture.**

sonic voyagers like Reykjavik's Sigur Rós, who offer a genuine challenge to Mogwai's epic-rock throne.

So Mogwai must evolve. *Rock Action* is both a change in direction and an extension of the sound they have crafted over the course of their career. "Sine Wave," the opening track, is emblematic of the band's dual tendencies on this disc. The simple guitar line that introduces the song recalls moments on *Come On Die Young*, but the percussion, made entirely of static (reminiscent of Mark Bell's programming on Björk's *Homogenic*), are a radical addition to the Mogwai aesthetic. A variety of inventive tones, from digitally tweaked bass to heavily filtered vocals, enter the mix layer by layer until the song attains an oppressive girth that threatens to crush the listener between his headphones. But just as the song's climax looms menacingly, a storm of gathering static arrives and washes over the entire ensemble, obscuring the mix in a dense fog of radio fuzz.

The addition of live vocals on four songs is the most obvious innovation on *Rock Action*, and the results are mixed. Braithwaite claims the band's instrumental leanings were shaped by the fact that none of them could write decent lyrics, and "Take Me Somewhere Nice" demonstrates that they weren't being modest. "What would you do ... if you saw spaceships?" Braithwaite coos over the uterine thrum of Atchkinson's bass and a restrained string quartet. The music is gorgeous, but the generic vocals, reminiscent of second-hand shoegazers like Starflyer 59 and slo-mo rockers the Red House Painters, weaken the overall effect.

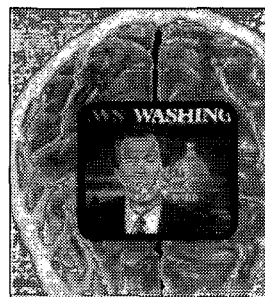
On "Dial:Revenge," Mogwai enlist a guest singer, Gruff Rhys of the Super Furry Animals. The vocals (in Welsh) are effectively elegiac as they curl around melancholy acoustic guitars, and the sense of loss in Rhys' voice is reinforced by a haunting background vocal that invokes Enya without sounding the least bit lame. "Robot Chant" is a brief industrial interlude that conjures up images of a Terminator-factory churning out steel Schwarzenegger-skeletons. It's a disposable effort, but sounds remarkably fresh following "You Don't Know Jesus," a Mogwai-by-numbers track composed of iceberg-crisp riffs nicked from the files of *Young Team*.

Fortunately, two incredible compositions follow this brief misstep. "2 Rights Make 1 Wrong" begins with a simple major chord vamp stolen from Hootie's golf bag, then twists it slowly into knots before submerging the tune in a cleansing pool of big-band brass, splashing cymbals and yearning strings. Halfway through the song, a vocoder-warped vocal appears and winds its way around a bit of gentle drum 'n' bass, creating a mutant strain of modern computer-funk. By the time a banjo enters and leads the song off into the moonset, the listener is stunned into submission by Mogwai's deep-as-the-Atlantic production. After such an epic, "Secret Pint" finishes the album off with a flawless display of restraint. The best Braithwaite performance of the album, the vocal is simultaneously sweet and sad as he intones, "Go so scared, falling down."

Mogwai have been called "the first band of the 21st century" for their ability to fashion grand symphonies from simple sonic components. And yet their unconventional approach to rock 'n' roll strikes some listeners as cold and aloof, obfuscating emotional connection in favor of art-punk attitude. Can faceless sonic architects overcome rock's cult of personality with consummate craftsmanship alone? *Rock Action* is a line drawn tentatively between cult and craft—the sound of a band letting its guard down for the first time—and it's a beautiful thing. ■

*Evan Endicott is a music writer based in Evanston, Illinois. He can be reached at e-endicott@nwu.edu*

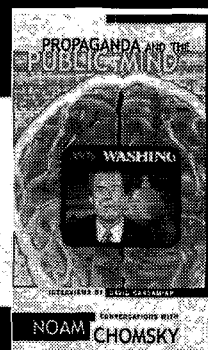
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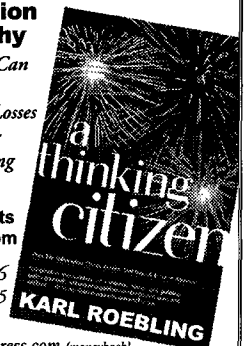
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## SYLVIA

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the minute I HEARD THAT 8 million cubic feet of natural gas is pumped up EVERY DAY by oil producers in ALASKA and then put BACK in the GROUND, I CALLED BARBARA BUSH. "BABS" I SAID "George W. seems to think there's some kind of ENERGY crisis AND HERE'S ALL this NATURAL GAS just sitting there. It makes him seem... LIKE, ill-informed." "There's a lot you DON'T know, Missy," BABS said testily, "SO BACK OFF!" I'D FORGOTTEN WHAT A FIREBRAND she could be. I'M SURE SHE'LL TALK to George W. WHEN she COOLS OFF.

OH, Right. Like you NEVER thought of it.

Nicole Hollander

By Nicole Hollander

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Continued from page 30

big environmental do-good act in the last minutes of his term guaranteed that we would be drinking the same levels of arsenic we've been drinking since 1942—the last time a real Democrat had the guts to stand up to the mining interests and reduce the levels of this poison. The Canadians and Europeans did it long ago. Clinton made it official that we would all be drinking arsenic during the entire Bush administration. Maybe he was doing us a favor.

And how about those carbon dioxide emission regulations that Bush II overturned? Did I say "overturn"? Overturn what? All Bush did was maintain the Clinton status quo.

The list goes on. For eight years Clinton did nothing about carpal tunnel syndrome as it relates to OSHA regulations. Then, in the middle of pardoning some rich guys during his all-night kegger on January 19, he decides to finally do some good for all those women who sit at keyboards all day and who, with their crippled hands, went to the polls twice to make him their president.

**F**riends, you are being misled and hoodwinked by a bunch of professional "liberals" who did nothing themselves for eight years to clean up these messes—and now all they can do is attack people like Ralph Nader, who has devoted his entire life to every single one of these issues. And they blame Nader for giving us Bush? I blame them for being Bush!

They suck off the same corporate teat and they support stuff like NAFTA, which, according to the Sierra Club, has doubled the pollution along the Mexican border where the American factories have moved. And then they wring their hands over Bush and his "reversals." Where is Orwell when we need him?

Had Clinton done the job those of us who voted for him in 1992 expected him to do, we wouldn't be in the pickle we're in. Imagine if on his first day in office, Clinton had ordered a reduction of the arsenic in the drinking water—and all of America had been drinking cleaner, safer water for the last eight years. Do you think there is any way that Junior Bush would have been able to say, "OK, America, you've been drinking water without poison in it long enough. Time to go back to the good old days of sucking down that ol' arsenic!"

Hell no! The public would not have stood for it. And he'd know that. He wouldn't even have tried it. But because Clinton waited until the last minute and never removed any of this crud from the water or the air, there was no political or popular support base for the decision.

Bush figured, you're not going to miss what you never had removed in the first place.

Finally, a word about that order Bush issued to ban money for abortions overseas. Wrong again. Pro-choice Clinton, like the three presidents before him, had already signed an order banning any American funds to pay for abortions in foreign countries. What Bush did was to expand the order to include cutting off any money to foreign birth control groups that offer abortions as an alternative. Worse, yes, but he only got away with it because our Democratic president had laid the groundwork in continuing the abortion funds cut-off, placing his "liberal" approval on a piece of the right-wing agenda. If you give the devil a bone, he doesn't just go away—he wants the whole damn leg.

So spare me all the hand-wringing and indignant moralizing.

Those who want to turn Bush into some sort of cartoon monster have an agenda—to keep most of us from seeing the beast that they themselves have become. Of course they hate Ralph Nader. He's an ugly reminder that they sold out a long time ago—and he didn't.

Blame Nader, blame Bush, it's all part of the same distraction, to keep you from focusing on this one, very important fact: Republican arsenic or Democratic arsenic, it really is the same damn crap being forced down your throat. ■

**The Democrats say one thing  
("Save the planet!") and then do  
another, quietly and behind the  
scenes with all the bastards who  
make this world a dirtier place.  
The Republicans just come right  
out and give the bastards a corner  
office in the West Wing.**

**"Needs to be read by all who care about race,  
courage, and humanity."—Julian Bond**



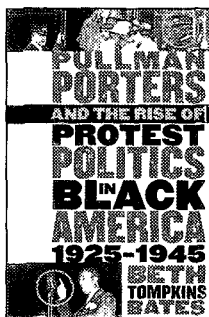
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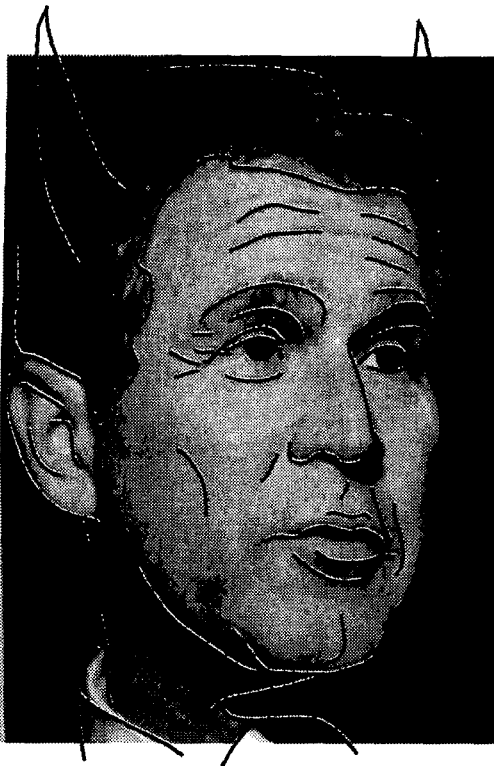
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**W**ell, 101 days into the junta and the fear mongers are having a heyday, aren't they? Even good liberals and Democrats have joined in the mantra. To listen to them, you'd think George W. Bush had opened the Gates of Hell and unleashed the legions of Satan upon the American people.

These good people actually believe Junior has put the arsenic back in the water, given the

# GIVE THE DEVIL A BONE ...

go-ahead to spew massive carbon dioxide emissions into the air, torn

up our national forests and raped the Alaskan wilderness. Now, don't get me wrong. There's no doubt that this illegal squatter in the Oval Office is not to be trusted farther than you can throw Katherine Harris. But, please, let's cut the crap and tell the truth: George W. Bush has done little more than continue the policies of the last eight years of the Clinton administration. As hard as that is for many of you to swallow, that is the truth—and the sooner you stop the scare campaign, the sooner we'll be able to fight Bush in a way that will stop him for good.

For eight long years, the Clinton administration resisted all efforts and recommendations to reduce the carbon dioxide in the air and the arsenic in the water. Just last October, Senate

**BY MICHAEL MOORE**

Democratic leader Tom Daschle and 17 other Democrats successfully led the way to stop any reduction of arsenic in the water. Why? Because Clinton and the Democrats were beholden to the very industries who had financed their campaigns—and who were responsible for high arsenic levels.

On top of that, the Clinton administration made no demands on American automakers to produce cars with higher fuel-efficiency standards. Millions of barrels of oil that did not need to be refined and spewed out into our air were guzzled unnecessarily.

How many more people will die from cancer, how much faster will global warming be sped up thanks to Clinton and Gore being in cahoots with Andrew Card, the top lobbyist

for the Big Three auto companies and currently the chief of staff for the man occupying the federal land at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue? Am I the only one who remembers one of the most lavish inaugural parties thrown for Clinton after his election? The host: General Motors and Card, its man-about-town in D.C.

Yes, there is a difference between the Democrats and the Republicans. The Democrats say one thing ("Save the planet!") and then do another, quietly and behind the scenes with all the bastards who make this world a dirtier place. The Republicans just come right out and give the bastards a corner office in the West Wing. In some ways, maybe it's better we see the evil out in the open rather

than covered up in a liberal sheep's clothing that seems to fool a lot of people.

Clinton waited until the final days of his presidency to suddenly sign a number of presidential decrees and regulations to improve our environment and create safer working conditions. It was the ultimate cynical move. Wait 'til the last 48 hours of your term to finally do the right thing so that your "legacy" will be improved. Every one of these regulations Bush has "overturned" was signed by Clinton in December and January. That's all he did—sign worthless pieces of paper.

Do you believe Clinton removed the arsenic from the water? Not only did he not do that, not only did he make us drink arsenic-laced water for the past eight years, but the order he signed stipulated that the arsenic was not to be removed from the water until 2004. That's right. Look it up. Clinton's

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